

The Alline

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"Day after day,
And night after night."—A Goon Dog.

THE ALDINE.

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FOUND WANTING.

To know one heart that could comprehend,
One soul that would never read yours amiss;
In a word, to possess a perfect friend—
Is there any wealth that can equal this?

I whirl along in the flying train,
The clouds flit by in the windy skies;
The frozen river's a wide, white plain,
Whose glare and glitter affront my eyes.

For eyes and heart are sore with the sense
Of parting words that were less than kind,
From my friend so prompt to resent offense,
When never its shadow had crossed my mind.

When the idle speech that was answered so
Was only a jest that was meant for cheer,
And to hide the feeling I would not show,
The passionate pain, and the yearning fear.

He ought to have known! But that is the worst,
That he didn't, and never will understand:
This blow to-day it is not the first,
Nor will be the last I shall have at his hand.

I have had my dream of a friend—alas,
That dreams like these should be false as fair!
But, indeed, if it ever should come to pass,
It would leave too little to do or to bear.

That dream fulfilled would suffice for me:
Hope and effort, and all desire
For the world that is, and the world to be,
Would seem as chaff to a tongue of fire,

If ever my heart that has starved so long
Should find its manna, and take its fill—
Better to suffer, perhaps, and be strong,
To wait in patience, and miss it still.

For what is life but a flying train,
That bears us on to our journey's end?
And after its burden of loss and pain
I may discover and win my friend!

—Mary E. Bradley.

THE CROW'S REQUIEM.

I.

My uncle Zacharias is about the most curious original whom I have ever met. Figure to yourself a little man, thick, short, plump, ruddy complexion, big-bellied and a flowery nose: that is the portrait of my uncle Zacharias. The worthy man was as bald as a knee. He wore habitually great round spectacles, and coiffed his head with a little black silk cap, which scarcely covered the top and the nape of it.

This dear uncle loved to laugh; he loved also stuffed turkey, *pâté-de-foie-gras*, and old Johannisberg; but what he preferred to everything else in the world, was music. Zacharias Müller was born a musician by the grace of God, as others are born French or Russians; he played on all instruments with a marvelous facility. You could not understand, to see his air of naïve simplicity, how so much gayety, rapture, and impulse, could animate such a personage.

Thus God made the nightingale: a gourmand, curious, and a singer. My uncle was a nightingale.

They invited him to all the weddings, to all the *fêtes*, to all the baptisms, to all the funerals; Master Zacharias, said they to him, we must have a *hopser*, a hallelujah, a requiem for such a day; and he replied simply: "You shall have it." Then he set himself to work, he whistled before his desk, he smoked some pipes, all the while showering a rain of notes on his paper, and beating time with his left foot.

Uncle Zacharias and I lived in an old house in the street of the minne-singers at Tübingen; he occupied the ground floor, a true *bric-a-brac* shop, encumbered with old furniture and musical instruments; I slept in the chamber above, and all the other rooms remained unoccupied.

Just opposite our house, Doctor Häselnoss lived. In the evening, when it was night in my little chamber, and the doctor's windows were illuminated, it seemed to me, by looking intently, that his lamp advanced—advanced—and finally touched my eyes. And, at the same time, I saw the silhouette of Häsel-

noss moving on the wall in a curious manner, with his rat-shaped head coiffed with a three-cornered hat, his little queue hopping to right and left, his great coat with large skirts, and his slender person planted on two thin legs. I distinguished also, in the depths of the chamber, glass jars full of strange animals, glittering stones, and, in profile, the backs of his books, shining by their gilding and ranged in battle order on the shelves of a book-case.

Doctor Häselnoss was, after my uncle Zacharias, the most original person of the city. His servant Orchel boasted of not doing his washing except once in six months, and I would willingly believe it, for the doctor's shirts were marked with yellow spots, which proved the quantity of linen shut up in his wardrobes; but the most interesting peculiarity in Häselnoss's character was, that neither dog nor cat which crossed his threshold ever appeared again. God knows what he did with them. Public rumor even accused him of carrying a piece of fat in one of his hind-pockets to attract these poor beasts; so when he went out in the morning to go to see his patients, and passed before my uncle's house on a small trot, I could not help considering with a vague terror the great skirts of his coat, flying right and left.

Such are the liveliest impressions of my childhood; but what charms me the most in these far-off recollections, that which, above everything else, is retraced in my mind when I dream of that dear little city of Tübingen, is Hans, the crow, hopping in the streets, pillaging the butchers' stalls, seizing all the papers flying about, penetrating the houses, and whom every one admired, pampered, called: "Hans!" here—"Hans!" there.

Singular animal, truly; one day he came into the city with his wing broken; Doctor Häselnoss had set it, and every one had adopted him. One gave him meat, another cheese. Hans belonged to the whole city—Hans was under the protection of the public faith.

How I loved this Hans, in spite of his great strokes with his bill! I can see him now hopping with his two feet in the snow, turning his head slightly, and looking at you out of the corner of his black eye, with a mocking air. Did anything fall from your pocket—a kreutzer, a key, no matter what—Hans seized it, and carried it up to the church roof. There he had established his magazine, there he concealed the fruits of his rapine; for, unfortunately, Hans was a thieving bird. Nevertheless, Uncle Zacharias could not endure this Hans; he considered the inhabitants of Tübingen imbeciles, for attaching themselves to such an animal, and this man, so calm, so gentle, would lose any sort of time, if by chance his eyes encountered the crow hovering in front of our windows.

Now, on a beautiful evening in October, Uncle Zacharias appeared much gayer than usual; he had not seen Hans the whole day. The windows were open, the gay sunlight penetrated into the chamber; in the distance, autumn spread its lovely russet tints, which were thrown out with much splendor upon the dark green of the pines. Uncle Zacharias, leaning back in his large easy chair, was tranquilly smoking his pipe, and I was looking at him, asking myself what made him smile to himself—for his good, fat face was beaming with an indescribable satisfaction.

"Dear Toby," said he to me, blowing a long spiral of smoke up to the ceiling, "you would hardly believe what a sweet quiet I feel now. For many years I have not felt so well disposed to undertake a great work—a work like 'The Creation,' of Haydn's. Heaven seems to open before me; I hear the angels and the seraphim intoning their celestial hymn; I can note all their voices. O! the lovely composition, Toby—the lovely composition! If you could only hear the bass of the twelve apostles!—it is magnificent—magnificent! Little Raphael's soprano pierces the clouds, like the trumpet of the last judgment; the little angels flutter their wings and laugh, and the saints weep in a truly harmonious manner. Hush! here comes the *Veni Creator*; the colossal bass advances; the earth is shaken; God is going to appear!"

And Master Zacharias hung his head; he seemed to be listening with his whole soul; great tears rolled from his eyes. "Bene! Raphael, bene!" he murmured. But as my uncle was thus plunged in an ecstasy, while his face, his look, his attitude—everything in him expressed a celestial ravishment—behold Hans, who suddenly fell down on our window, uttering a frightful *couac*. I saw Uncle Zacharias grow pale; he looked toward the window with a

terrified glance—mouth open—hand extended—in the attitude of stupor.

The crow was resting on the cross-piece of the window. No; I don't believe I ever saw a more jeering physiognomy: his large beak turned slightly one side, and his eye shining like a pearl. He gave utterance to a second ironical *couac*, and began to comb his wing with two or three strokes of his beak.

My uncle did not breathe a word; he was as if petrified. Hans took flight again, and Master Zacharias, turning to me, looked at me a few seconds.

"Did you recognize him?" said he to me.

"Who, then?"

"The devil!"

"The devil! You are making fun."

But Uncle Zacharias did not deign to reply to me, and fell into a profound meditation.

The night came; the sun disappeared behind the pines of the Black Forest.

From this day, Master Zacharias lost all his good humor. He tried first to write his great symphony of the "Seraphim," but not having succeeded, he became very melancholy; he extended himself at length in his chair, his eyes on the ceiling, and did nothing but dream of the celestial harmonies. When I represented to him that we were at the end of our money, and that it would not be bad if he should write a waltz, a *hopser*, or something else, to keep us afloat, "A waltz! a *hopser*!" he cried; "what is that? If you spoke to me about my great symphony, all right; but a waltz! Hold, Toby; you are losing your head; you don't know what you are saying." Then he took a calmer tone:

"Toby, believe me, as soon as I shall have terminated my great work, we can cross our arms and sleep upon our two ears. It is the alpha and the omega of harmony. Our reputation will be made. I should have finished this work long ago; only one thing prevents me—it's the crow!"

"The crow! but, dear uncle, how can the crow hinder you from writing, I want to know? Isn't he a bird, like all others?"

"A bird like all others!" murmured my uncle, indignantly; "Toby, I see it, you are conspiring with my enemies!—and yet what have I not done for you? Have I not brought you up as my own child? Have I not replaced your father and your mother? Have I not taught you to play on the clarinet? Ah! Toby, Toby, it is wrong!"

He said this in such a convinced tone, that I finished by believing him, and in my heart I cursed this Hans, who troubled my uncle's inspiration. "If it were not for him," said I to myself, "our fortune would be made!"—and I began to doubt whether the crow was not the devil in person, as my uncle thought.

Sometimes Uncle Zacharias tried to write; but, through a curious and almost incredible fatality, Hans always showed himself at the best moment, or else his harsh cry was heard. Then the poor man threw down his pen in despair; and if he had had any hairs, he would have torn them out by handfuls, his exasperation was so great. Things came to such a point, that Master Zacharias borrowed a gun of Razer the baker, an old thing, all rusty, and placed himself in ambush behind the door, to lie in wait for the cursed animal. But then Hans, as cunning as the devil, appeared no more; and as soon as my uncle, shivering with cold, for it was in winter—as soon as my uncle came to warm his hands, directly Hans uttered his cry before the house. Master Zacharias would run quickly into the street—Hans had disappeared!

It was a real comedy, and the whole city was talking of it. My school-mates teased me about my uncle, which forced me to engage in more than one battle on the little square. I defended him to the death, and I came home every evening with an eye black and blue, or my nose bloody. Then he looked at me much troubled, and would say:

"Dear child, take courage—soon you will have no need to take so much trouble!"

And then he would begin to paint to me, most enthusiastically, the great work which he meditated. It was really superb; it was all arranged; first, the overture of the apostles; then the chorus of seraphim in B flat; then the *Veni Creator* growling in the midst of lightnings and thunder! "But," added my uncle, "the crow must die. It's the crow who causes all the trouble, do you see, Toby. If it had not been for him, my great symphony would have been done long ago, and we would be living now on our income."

II.

One evening, when coming back from school alone, I met Hans. It had snowed; the moon shone above the roofs, and a sort of vague restlessness spread over my heart at the sight of the crow. Coming to the door of our house, I was astonished to find it open; a few gleams were playing over the windows, like the reflections of a fire which was dying out. I went in; I called; no reply! But, figure to yourself my surprise when, by the reflection of the flame, I saw my uncle, his nose blue, his ears purple, stretched out at full length in his arm-chair, our neighbor's old gun between his legs, and his shoes loaded with snow. The poor man had been crow hunting.

"Uncle Zacharias," cried I, "are you asleep?"

He half opened his eyes, and fixing a drowsy look on me, "Toby," said he, "I have taken aim at him more than twenty times, and he always disappears like a shadow, at the very moment I am going to fire."

Having said these words, he fell back into a deep torpor. I shook him, but he did not stir. Then, seized with fear, I ran to find Dr. Hâselnoss. In raising the door-knocker, my heart beat with terrible force, and when the blow resounded through the vestibule, my knees bent under me. The street was deserted. Some flakes of snow fluttered around me; I shivered. At the third knock the doctor's window opened, and Hâselnoss's head, in a cotton cap, leaned out.

"Who is there?" said he, in a shrill voice.

"Monsieur Doctor, come quick to Master Zacharias; he is very sick."

"Ha!" said Hâselnoss, "time to put on a coat, and I come."

The window was closed. I waited yet a good quarter of an hour, looking at the deserted street, hearing the weathercocks creak on their rusty needles, and in the distance a farm-dog barking at the moon. At last a step was heard, and slowly, slowly, some one came down the staircase. A key was put in the lock, and Hâselnoss, enveloped in a gray great-coat, a small lantern in the form of a candlestick in his hand, appeared on the threshold.

"P-r-r-r!" said he, "how cold! I did well to wrap up."

"Yes," I replied, "I have been quaking for twenty minutes."

"I made haste, so as not to keep you waiting."

A moment later, we entered my uncle's room.

"Ha! good evening, Master Zacharias," said Doctor Hâselnoss, as tranquilly as possible, blowing out his lantern, "how do you do? It appears that we have a little cold in the head."

Uncle Zacharias seemed to awake at this voice.

"Monsieur Doctor," said he, "I will relate the thing to you from the very commencement."

"It is useless," said Hâselnoss, sitting down in front of him on an old trunk. "I know that better than you; I know the principle and the consequences, the cause and its effects; you detest Hans, and Hans detests you—you pursue him with a gun, and Hans comes and perches on your window, to mock at you. He! he! he! it's very simple, the crow doesn't love the song of the nightingale, and the nightingale cannot suffer the cry of the crow."

So spoke Hâselnoss, taking a pinch from his little snuff-box; then he crossed his legs, shook out the folds of his shirt-frill, and began to smile, fixing his small, malicious eyes on Master Zacharias.

My uncle was astonished.

"Listen," said Hâselnoss, "that ought not to surprise you; one sees such things every day. Sympathies and antipathies govern our poor world. You enter a tavern, a brewery, no matter where, you remark two players at a table, and without knowing them, you soon make wishes for one or the other. What reasons have you for preferring one to the other? None—he! he! he!—thereupon, savants build systems farther than one can see, instead of saying honestly: 'Here is a cat; here is a mouse. I make wishes for the mouse, because we belong to the same family; because before being Hâselnoss, doctor of medicine, I have been a rat, squirrel, or field-mouse, and that, consequently—'"

But he did not finish his phrase, for at that instant my uncle's cat happened to pass by him. The doctor seized him like an old wig, and made him disappear in his great pocket with the quickness of lightning. Uncle Zacharias and I looked at each other stupefied.

"What will you do with my cat?" said uncle, at last.

But Hâselnoss, instead of replying, smiled with a constrained air, and stammered:

"Master Zacharias, I am going to cure you."

"Give me back my cat first."

"If you oblige me to give up this cat," said Hâselnoss, "I abandon you to your sad fate; you shall not have another minute's rest, you can no longer write a note, and you will grow thin every day."

"But, in the name of heaven!" answered my uncle, "what has this poor animal done to you?"

"What has he done to me," replied the doctor, whose features contracted, "what has he done to me! Know that we have been at war since the origin of the centuries! Know that this cat resumes in himself the quintessence of a thistle which stifled me when I was a violet, of a holly which shaded me when I was a bush, of a pike which ate me when I was a carp, and of a sparrow-hawk which devoured me when I was a mouse."

I thought Hâselnoss was crazy; but Uncle Zacharias, shutting his eyes, answered after a long silence: "I understand you, Doctor Hâselnoss, I understand you—you are not wrong!—cure me, and I give you my cat."

The doctor's eyes scintillated.

"Very well!" cried he; "now I will cure you."

He drew a knife from his case, and took a bit of wood from the hearth, which he split with dexterity. My uncle and I looked at him while he was doing it. After splitting his bit of wood, he began to hollow it. Then he separated a little strap of parchment, very thin, from his portfolio, and having adjusted it between the two blades of wood, he applied it against his lips, smiling.

My uncle's face brightened.

"Doctor Hâselnoss," he cried, "you are a rare man—a really superior man—a man—"

"I know it," interrupted Hâselnoss, "I know it. But put out the light, so that not a coal shall shine in the shadow!"

And while I was executing this order, he opened the window wide. The night was freezing cold. Above the roofs the moon appeared calm and limpid. The dazzling brightness of the snow, and the obscurity of the room, formed a strange contrast. I saw the shadow of my uncle, and that of Hâselnoss, cut out against the front of the window; a thousand confused impressions agitated me at once. Uncle Zacharias sneezed; Hâselnoss extended his hand with impatience to command him to be quiet; then the silence became solemn.

Suddenly a sharp whistling traversed space. "Pie-wite! pie-wite!" After this cry, all became still once more. I heard my heart galloping. At the end of a minute, the same whistling was heard: "Pie-wite! pie-wite!" I perceived, then, that it was the doctor who produced it with his bird-call. Remark—this gave me a little courage, and I paid attention to the least circumstance which was passing around me.

Uncle Zacharias, half-stooping, looked at the moon. Hâselnoss kept motionless, one hand on the window, and in the other the whistle.

So passed two or three minutes; then, all at once, a bird's flight cleft the air.

"Oh!" murmured my uncle.

"Hush!" said Hâselnoss, and the "pie-wite" was repeated several times with strange and precipitate modulations. Twice the bird grazed the window in his rapid, restless flight. Uncle Zacharias made a movement to take his gun, but Hâselnoss seized him by the wrist, murmuring, "Are you crazy?" Then my uncle was quiet, and the doctor redoubled his whistlings with so much art, imitating the cry of the speckled magpie when taken in the net, that Hans, whirling to the right and left, ended by entering our room, drawn, doubtless, by a singular curiosity which troubled his brain. I heard his two feet fall heavily on the floor. Uncle Zacharias shouted, and darted on the bird, who escaped from his hands.

"Clumsy!" cried Hâselnoss, shutting the window.

It was time; Hans was hovering about the beams in the ceiling. After making five or six tours, he knocked himself against a pane with so much force, that, stunned, he slid the whole length of the window, trying to fasten his claws in the cross-pieces. Hâselnoss lit the candle quickly, and then I saw poor Hans between my uncle's hands, who was squeezing him by the neck with a frantic enthusiasm, saying:

"Ha! ha! ha! I've got you, I've got you!"

Hâselnoss accompanied him with bursts of laughter: "He! he! he! are you content, Master Zacharias, are you content?"

I never saw a more frightful scene. My uncle's face was crimson. The poor crow stretched out his claws, beat his wings like a great night-butterfly, and the death-shiver ruffled his feathers.

This sight horrified me so, that I ran to hide myself at the end of the room.

The first moment of indignation past, Uncle Zacharias became himself again. "Toby," he cried, "the devil has paid his accounts; I pardon him. Hold this Hans before my eyes. Ah! I feel myself live once more! Now, silence! Listen!"

And Master Zacharias, with an inspired face, sat down gravely to the harpsichord. I was in front of him, and I held the crow by the beak. Behind, Hâselnoss held up the candle, and a more *bizarre* picture was never seen than these three figures, Hans, Uncle Zacharias, and Hâselnoss, under the high and worm-eaten beams of the ceiling. I can see them now, lighted by the trembling light, as well as our old furniture, whose shadows vacillated against the decrepit wall. At the first chords, my uncle seemed to be transformed; his large blue eyes sparkled with enthusiasm; he was not playing before us, but in a cathedral, before an immense assembly—for God himself!

What a sublime chant! turn by turn sombre, pathetic, heart-rending, and resigned; then suddenly, in the midst of sobs, hope displayed its wings of gold and azure. Oh, heaven! how is it possible to conceive such great things!

It was a requiem, and for an hour inspiration did not abandon Uncle Zacharias for a single second.

Hâselnoss laughed no more. Insensibly his bantering face had taken on an undefinable expression. I thought he was much affected; but soon I saw him make nervous movements, tighten his fist, and I perceived that something was struggling in the skirts of his coat.

When my uncle, exhausted by so many emotions, leaned his forehead on the edge of the harpsichord, the doctor drew from his pocket the cat, which he had strangled.

"He! he! he!" said he; "good evening, Master Zacharias; good evening. We each have our game, he! he! he! You've made a requiem for the crow Hans; now you must make a hallelujah for your cat. Good evening!"

My uncle was so faint, that he contented himself with saluting the doctor with a movement of his head, and signed to me to conduct him to the door.

Now, this same night died the Grand Duke, Yéripeter, second of the name; and as Hâselnoss crossed the street, I heard the cathedral bells set a-going slowly. Entering the room again, I saw Uncle Zacharias standing up.

"Toby," said he to me, with a grave voice, "go to bed, my child, go to bed; I am restored; I must write all that to-night, for fear of forgetting it."

I hastened to obey him, and I never slept better. The next day, toward nine o'clock, I was awakened by a great tumult. The whole city was out; they talked of nothing but the death of the Grand Duke.

Master Zacharias was called to the castle. They ordered from him the requiem of Yéripeter II., a work which was finally worth the place of chapel-master to him, which he had long been ambitious for. This requiem was no other than that of Hans. So Uncle Zacharias became a great personage, since he had a thousand thalers a year to spend, and often said, in my ear:

"Ha, nephew, if they knew that I composed my famous requiem for the crow, we might still be playing on the clarionet at the village fêtes. Ha! ha! ha!" and my uncle's big paunch shook.

So go things in this world.

—Erickmann-Chatrian.

AN UNCOLLECTED SONNET OF EDGAR A. POE.

SILENCE.

THERE is a silence where hath been no sound,
There is a silence where no sound may be,
In the cold grave—under the deep, deep sea,
Or in wide desert where no life is found,
Which hath been mute and still must sleep profound;
No voice is hushed—no life treads silently,
But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
That never spoke—over the idle ground;
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,
Though the dun fox, or wild hyena, calls,
And owls, that flit continually between,
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,
There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.

1839.



FLUME FALLS OF THE OPALESCENCE. — F. T. VANCE.

THE ADIRONDACKS.

FOREIGN travel has much to recommend it; such as the culture for which it affords facilities, and that corrective attrition between nationalities, which files away prejudice, and produces cosmopolitan polish instead. As a rest for those who are wearied in mind or body, however, it is doubtful whether foreign travel offers all that is requisite. It is only transferring one's self from city to city; from crowd to crowd; from one set of busy toilers to another; "from the frying-pan to the fire." Equally applicable is this to what is known as watering-place life. The summer visitors to the beaches and springs carry the city and

its manners and customs with them. A fashionable watering-place may be characterized as the city gone out into the country on a spree.

Rest, to be beneficial, must include entire change of scene and circumstances, as well as of air, food, and water. It is to be had only off the tracks of men, away from the factories and the railways, and the other accompaniments of that great bore, Civilization. The New-Yorker can find it in about thirty-six hours, by taking the usual routes to Lake Champlain at Whitehall, thence by boat to Port Kent, from which it is a pleasant ride by coach to the Lower Saranac. Then he is in the great Adirondack region—those glorious old North Woods in which a man is not

obliged to transact business, or take newspapers, or have opinions, or do anything that is remindful of the wrenching, harrowing world below.

From the southern extremity of it—that comparatively uninteresting barren known as "Brown's Tract"—this grand range of wild, wooded mountains extends far away north and west nearly to the River St. Lawrence, on the Canada frontier, while on the east it is flanked by Lakes George and Champlain. It has much of the Alps and Pyrenees about it, but with a savage, primitive nature that is peculiar to the American wilderness.

To reach the Adirondacks from New York City, take a six weeks' rest there, and return, costs about



AVALANCHE LAKE.—F. T. VANCE.

\$200. You can hire a trustworthy guide for \$2.50 per day. Get provisions at the nearest settlement, and then get away from the latter as far as possible. As you will have to depend much on your sporting accomplishments for food, a rifle, fishing equipments, and strong, rough clothing are indispensable. Once in the heart of the wilderness, you will find your adroitness in fishing and hunting called into full play.

The air of these mountains is impregnated with the wholesome perfume shed by resinous trees—hemlock, spruce, balsam and pine growing everywhere in profusion. Breathing, in woods of this kind, feels absolutely like a new sense. The tonic properties of the air increase the appetite, and brace the muscles to a wonderful extent.

The gleaming lakes and headlong brooks of this region are its greatest attractions for the staunch angler, who, if possessed of the pluck and energy characteristic of the true mountaineer, will not be satisfied with following the beaten tracks of tourists in the more accessible reaches of the mountains, but will explore their wildest recesses in search of new waters. There must be lakes and tarns in the mysterious depths of these mountain woods the margins of which have never yet been trodden by foot of white man, where the trout grow bigger, and rise bolder, and fight harder than the more familiar ones of the lakes often visited. Surely the tawny puma—lion of the western hemisphere—must have its fastnesses somewhere in the vicinity of these. It not unfrequently happens to the sportsman, who is lying still for deer near the shore, to see one of these great cats come down to drink at some reach of the lake far out of rifle-shot. An explorer, who traversed these regions some years ago, told the writer that he once watched a puma for an hour through a field-glass. The animal sat on its haunches by the lake side and washed its face with its paws like a domestic cat, retiring into the woods, after it had finished its ablutions, with a slow and dignified step. Lynxes are denizens of these woods, too, subsisting chiefly upon the hares that are plentiful in the wilder places.

One of our illustrations is a view of a very picturesque cascade called by the romantic name of "The

Flume Fall of the Opalescence." The ravine through which the stream tumbles is narrow, hemmed in by inaccessible rocks, from every available crevice and nook of which spring trees and bushes of the resinous kind.

Avalanche Lake, which is the subject of another of our illustrations, is perhaps the most impressive scene in the whole Adirondack region. It lies walled between precipitous mountains which rear their granite sides thousands of feet directly out of the water. About four years ago, an immense avalanche, or land-slide, poured over the perpendicular rock which forms the base of the mountain, cutting a deep gorge in the solid granite hundreds of feet deep, and nearly filling the lake with a vast conglomeration of rubbish. Great trees were cut and torn into pieces that resembled cord-wood, and splinters as small as matches were abundant everywhere. The force of the slide was resistless. Not a breath ripples the surface of this quiet sheet of water. It is too high for fish, and rarely does a bird break its silence, which is as ancient as creation.

Calamity Pond, a small tarn, high up on the trail to Mount Marcy, is probably the highest point where the angler can practice his art successfully. It takes its name from an accident, which gives it a weird interest to those who have heard the particulars related by old guides who were eye-witnesses, or residents here at the time. It was many years ago, and a company of New York capitalists had expended hundreds of thousands of dollars to develop the inexhaustible mineral wealth of these mountains; they had built forges and villages, and were in full blast when the whole region was suddenly remanded back to its primitive wilderness. Mr. Henderson, the soul of the enterprise, while hunting one day, accidentally shot himself as he stepped from a canoe on this pond, and died in the presence of his son and the guides. A monument, neatly carved, was brought in through the woods on a sled, when the ground was covered with snow, and now marks the spot where this melancholy tragedy occurred.

Our full-page illustration presents a view of Lake Colden, a noble sheet of water, particularly notice-

able for the fine contour of the mountains which tower around it on every side.

About all these lakes and tarns of the Adirondacks, and about the primeval forests by which they are surrounded, there is a solemnity that has an inexpressible fascination for the explorer of their mysterious domains. It is gray morning in the mountains, or evening twilight has rendered objects indistinct to the hunter, who is lying rolled in his blanket, by his camp fire. What strange, hollow cry is that which comes vibrating over the water, like the halloo of some water-demon that has risen to the surface of the lake? That is the cry of the loon, or great northern diver, a bird that seems to haunt lovingly the wild lakes that give light and silvery refugence to the gloom of the towering rocks and their dark pines. It is a startling sound, and one that accords well with the associations of the hour and place.

We meet the city here in some form, likely enough in the form of the Jew peddler who met one of our artists as he was descending the mountains, loaded with the indispensables of a sketching tour, and accosted him with the commercial remark, "Vot doesh you peddles?"

ON THE RIVER.

BETWEEN green fields and wooded heights,
The river stretched at ease,
The starry points, the dazzling lights
Struck from it by the breeze;

The wavering smoke that floats, that trails,
The rippling flags that fly,
The glistening prows, the sunny sails,
Of boats that pass me by;

The gulls that, flying here and there,
Now darken and now gleam;
The clouds that melt upon the air,
Like snow on some slow stream;

Awile I watch them dreamily,
And then I hear once more
The winds that search infinity,
The waves that beat the shore.

—Robert Kelley Weeks.

A GRAVEN IMAGE.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

THE doctor had finished reading the chapter, and, folding his gown around him, sank back into his seat, casting at the choir a resigned glance, which seemed to say, "Now do your worst." The tenor had just begun to praise and acknowledge the Lord, in the style of Sir Leoline's mastiff, with "sixteen short howls;" Mrs. Hassan braced herself in the corner of her pew to endure that long disconnected noise to which the choir was wont to wed the noble words of the "Te Deum," when her attention was diverted from the weekly agony by an apparition which had at least the good effect of closing her ears to the howls, roars and shrieks, which the four musicians above thought proper to attribute to the prophets, apostles and martyrs.

This apparition was a pretty woman in half-mourning, coming up the aisle with Mrs. Vale and her daughters, who came in late, as was their custom.

A chill, and then a glow of anger, ran over Mrs. Hassan, and her husband wondered what it was that brought such a sudden flash into his wife's eyes. I am afraid that Mrs. Hassan's mind, during the prayers and sermon of that morning, was not in a Christian frame. Every one in Menango was in the habit of exchanging greetings going out of church; but, to-day Mrs. Hassan slipped away from her friends, and went to her bible class in the Sunday-school room.

The girls wondered why she spoke so emphatically about the duty and difficulty of forgiving those who, having injured us, never think of needing or asking forgiveness; but girls are creatures given to curiosity and conjecture, and I fear their minds were rather occupied with guessing at Mrs. Hassan's personal experience than in making a practical application of the lesson.

"What's the matter, Cassy?" said her husband, as they walked home together.

Mrs. Hassan's hand trembled on her husband's arm, as she said in a low voice: "I've seen a ghost!"

"That is nothing. Ghosts, as you know, run in the family; but they do no harm."

"But it's not that sort, James. I'd rather have seen every spirit that ever walked in a churchyard, or even a wehr-wolf, than that woman who came into church this morning with the Vales."

"She was a pretty woman enough," said Mr. Hassan. "What is the matter with her?"

"She is Mrs. Armer. She is a widow now; she was Anna Clayton."

Mr. Hassan looked as if he were going to whistle. But, being in the street, he refrained, and only said:

"The deuce she is!" which was perhaps no improvement on first intentions.

"I suppose, of course, she knew Sydney was here," said Mrs. Hassan, bitterly. "She might be satisfied with the mischief she has done, and let him alone."

"Do you think he cares for her yet?"

"He cares for her so much that he cannot care for anything else. She ruined his life. I can't understand it; I can't, I can't," said Mrs. Hassan, quite passionately.

"As to that, can you understand what makes any one care for any one else? What made you care for me?" said Mr. Hassan, trying to comfort his wife.

"You! you!" returned Mrs. Hassan, in a most unwonted state of excitement. "James! As if there were any comparison! She is cold hearted and coarse minded, and utterly selfish."

"And Sydney, being the exact reverse of all this, devoted himself to her, and loved her with all his heart and soul?"

"He didn't love her. He loved the image in his mind which he somehow managed to pin upon her personality; and now I shouldn't wonder if he married her after all, and was utterly miserable; and there is no war for him to go away to now."

Mr. Sydney Devine was Mrs. Hassan's only brother. When quite a young man he had thrown away upon Miss Anna Clayton a love as sincere and intense as any man ever gave to a woman. Why he did it I cannot explain, for Anna was all that Mrs. Hassan had pronounced her to be; and, at nineteen, was as worldly, as selfish, and as calculating as though she had not been blessed with a pretty figure, fine eyes, and a pink and white skin.

Sydney, so to speak, put all his eggs into one basket; but Miss Clayton, like a prudent young woman, preferred to have two strings to her bow. While she had been engaged to Sydney, she had been car-

rying on a flirtation, by letter, with a gentleman old enough to be her father—a good man, who was no wiser in his love than if he had been one-and-twenty.

Matters had gone so far between Miss Clayton and Sydney, that the expectant bridegroom had ordered his wedding suit. Miss Clayton went down to New York to make her last purchases, married Mr. Armer, and wrote the day before her wedding to break off her engagement with Mr. Devine.

It is to be supposed that Mr. Armer never knew of Mr. Devine's existence; and Anna did not at all mind the talk which she occasioned, but rather enjoyed her notoriety.

A few weeks after the war broke out, and Sydney threw aside his law practice, and went into the rank and file. He went from one end of the struggle to the other. He won his epaulets, and rose to be colonel. He was conspicuous for recklessness in the field, and did his duty like a man. He was in sixteen pitched battles, and never received a scratch; and fever and disease passed him by unharmed.

"So many are taken who have everything to live for," he said once; "but nothing happens to me." It was almost the only allusion he ever made to the past.

When peace came he went to Menango, where his sister had married, and resumed his profession, but in a very unambitious way, occupying himself chiefly with the business arising from his brother-in-law's large property. He had talents, and had once been devoted to his work; but now he seemed to care for nothing but to make for himself the modest income which sufficed for his wants.

There was a pleasant little society in the university town of Menango, but Mr. Devine went nowhere but to his sister's house, and seldom there if there was other company. He busied himself with books in his leisure moments, and tried to forget himself and the ghost of the past in study; but, after all, life was for him a very heavy and uninteresting business, and he would not have been sorry to lay down the burden once for all. At thirty-five, much to his sister's vexation, he spoke and thought of himself as one to whom all the chances, ambitions, and enjoyments of life were closed.

If the idol to which he had sacrificed himself had possessed even a head of gold, Mrs. Hassan could have borne it with more resignation; but when she knew that the costly sacrifice had been laid on the shrine of a wooden image, no better than that fish-bodied doll which the Ephesians adored as the virgin huntress, Mrs. Hassan's patience was sorely tried.

And now the woman had come here to throw herself in Sydney's way, and his sister could foresee nothing but trouble.

"If he once marries her," she said to herself, "he will find out what a fool she is, and having and hating is far worse than losing and loving."

The next evening there happened to be a little party at President Lyon's. Mrs. Hassan and her mother-in-law had meant to go; but, at the last minute, arrived an old friend of Mrs. Hassan's the elder, and that lady preferred staying to talk over old times. Mr. Hassan had gone out of town on business; Cassy did not like to go alone; and, rather to her surprise, her brother, who was in the house, offered to accompany her.

Not till she was coming down stairs, to get into the carriage, did it occur to her that Mrs. Armer would probably be at Mr. Lyon's.

"But she would contrive to meet him somewhere," thought this uncharitable woman, "and it may better be there than, accidentally on purpose, by the river, or in the woods."

As Mrs. Hassan came down the stairs of Dr. Lyon's house, she heard from the parlor a certain hard metallic laugh with which she was familiar, and she saw her brother look about him with a startled glance, as if some old association had been unpleasantly jarred.

The brother and sister paid their compliments to Mrs. Lyon and the president, and then Mrs. Hassan looked about her. Sydney, who felt lonely and out of place, attached himself to Professor Beaucour, and made conversation about the college library, to the extreme disgust of Miss Maude Clay, who had been making herself agreeable by asking a series of disconnected questions varying from astronomy and chemistry to the professor's own paper on the "Catacombs," in the last *North American*.

The professor was a shy man, and, like most authors, he could not bear to talk of his writings. Perhaps he felt grateful to Mr. Devine, for he entered with ardor into the subject of English classic liter-

ature. In the mean time, Mr. Devine was conscious of a curious feeling—not hope, not expectancy, not terror—an influence in the air, for which he could not account, only as it connected itself with a rather loud treble voice, and a frequent sound, half-laugh, half-giggle, that came from amid a group of students. The voice, the laugh, were oddly familiar. They were like, yet unlike, sounds which had rung in his memory for many a day.

Mrs. Hassan, listening to the conversation of that very elegant young gentleman, Master Dick Monroe, was at no loss to recognize the voice, for the memory of aversion in this case was truer than that of love. She sat where she could see Mrs. Armer's figure in the centre of a group of young men. Mr. Armer had not been dead more than eighteen months, but Mrs. Armer had chosen, since Sunday, to leave off her mourning, or only to retain such as might be discernible rather by faith than by sight.

She wore a pale lavender silk, made very low and trimmed in every conceivable place. She had violets and white roses in her hair, and a black velvet ribbon with a pearl cross on her white neck, and pearl and jet bracelets on her arms. She had not grown old, and at twenty-nine looked hardly less fresh than at nineteen. Her color had not faded, and she had the same way of rocking to and fro, twisting her neck and rolling her eyes in a manner which some people called graceful, and which had of old disgusted Cassy Devine and charmed her brother.

Would it charm him again? Mrs. Hassan glanced at him across the room, and saw that he had seen his old love, and was watching her, quite oblivious to the professor's remarks about a fine historical collection which he desired to see added to the library. The look on Mr. Devine's face was not of admiration, or grief, or any very intense emotion, except that of shocked surprise and wonder.

Presently, as Professor Beaucour turned to speak to some one else, Mr. Devine made his way to the group of which Mrs. Armer was the centre, and reached it just in time to hear these words:

"Oh, people in America make such frights of themselves, wearing mourning forever, and going about like so many walking palls. And if you put on black you can't go to parties. Why, when Cad Martin's brother died, and she was perfectly devoted to him, she wouldn't put on black at all, because then, she said, she couldn't go into society, and her mind was so distracted she needed diversion more than ever. I told Mr. Armer that he needn't expect I was going to make a guy of myself for him forever, if he died." And here came the inevitable laugh, echoed by many of the surrounding gentlemen. I think most men have a certain pleasure in hearing a woman talk like a fool, as it justifies their preconceived theories.

"Can this be the woman I have had in mind all these years?" thought Mr. Devine, bewildered, and yet with a dim sense of relief, as if some heavy cloud were gradually dispersing from before his eyes.

He stood and watched her every motion; fascinated, but with a fascination how different from his old passion. There was the same turn of the head; the same uplifting of the eyes he had been wont to think so graceful and sweet; the same sidelong motions of the body, which he had once compared to the movement of a lily on its stem. Why did all these airs and graces now strike him as so disagreeable; and the manner, which had once been charming artlessness, seem self-conscious affectation? Had he been a blind fool, or had she been different; and from what creature had been modeled that fair, sweet image that had so long been enshrined in his heart?

"Oh, I don't feel as if I could sustain life in such a place as this," continued Mrs. Armer. "How do you manage when you are at home?" she asked, throwing back her head, and favoring Major Monroe, U. S. A., with a roll of her eyes not unlike that popularly ascribed to a duck in a thunder-storm.

"I have sustained myself with a prophetic hope of your arrival," said the major, with a bow, and then he slipped out of the circle, and left a place vacant for Mr. Devine. Mrs. Armer's eyes fell upon Sydney, and her color deepened and her eyes brightened.

"Oh, Mr. Devine! oh, Sydney!" she said, putting out a very pretty hand as she rose, dropping fan, flowers, and handkerchief for the students to pick up. "Is this really you?"

"I believe it is," said Mr. Devine, smiling, with perfect outward composure, though his whole self was in a sort of whirl, with a rushing wreck of old associations and memories going down into chaos; and, amidst them all, reason, awake after a sleep of

years, seemed to stand wondering at the destruction of her prison-house—confused, and yet with a sense of relief and rising life that was delightful.

"It is such a lovely evening, I should so like to go out on the piazza," said Mrs. Armer, with a rustle and sway of all her silken draperies.

She hung on his arm; she looked up appealingly into his face as she crossed the room; she "minced" as she went, in the manner that of old moved the ire of the prophet.

Dr. Lyon looked after her as if he wondered what sort of beast this might be that had come into his ark. Menango, as represented then and there, drew itself together a little, exchanged glances, and was inclined to think Mrs. Armer "not nice." Mrs. Vale, a stately, old-fashioned lady, inwardly resolved that her cousin's visit to herself and her daughters should be short.

Mrs. Armer had the effrontery to stop and speak to Mrs. Hassan, and expressed a desire that they should meet where they could talk over "old times." Mrs. Hassan was intensely polite, but very cool, and she did not even look at her brother.

Mr. Devine and Mrs. Armer did not stay more than ten minutes on the piazza, and during that time she did all the talking, dwelling mostly on the subject of her "poor, dear husband," and intimating, firstly, that he had never understood her nature, and, secondly, that he had left her "very well off," but to neither intimation did Mr. Devine respond with sympathy or interest. In his sudden revulsion of feeling, he hardly knew whether to be most disgusted with himself or with his companion. The worshipers who came to the temple in the morning and found that only the fishy part of Dagon was left to him, could hardly have been more startled than Sydney Devine in the presence of his once adorable Anna. He took her in to supper, attended her with polite care, and shortly after found out his sister, and asked her if she were ready to go home.

Mrs. Hassan was more than ready. Her whole soul was stirred within her, and she longed to utter her whole opinion of the fair widow, but refrained, fearing to do more harm than good.

Neither brother nor sister spoke till they were half way home, and then Mr. Devine roused himself from his silence, and said:

"By Jove!"

It did not seem as if this appeal to a heathen deity was dictated either by devotion or by renewed passion, and Mrs. Hassan ventured to ask him what he wanted of Jupiter.

"Look here, Cassy," said Sydney, with sudden earnestness. "Do tell me; was she always like this?"

Mrs. Hassan drew a subdued long breath of intense relief, and answered, with studied quietness:

"I do not see much change in her. She is as pretty as ever, and her manner is much the same as when I used to see her."

"Cassy," said Mr. Devine, after another silence, "I have been a tremendous fool."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Hassan. "We are all that, more or less, I suppose. Doesn't Mrs. Armer strike you as unchanged?"

"As the same; and yet there is the wonder, Cassy; if you saw her as I do now, why didn't you tell me?"

"I tried to, Sydney; but you said I was jealous of her beauty," said Mrs. Hassan, betraying a little thorn that had pricked her at intervals for years.

"Well, well, I can *not* see what I was thinking of." And then came another sigh, as of mingled relief and regret, and then he discovered that his sister was crying a little.

"Why, Cassy, what is that for?" he said, gently.

"I am so glad. I was so afraid you would fancy her again."

"Cassy," said Mr. Devine, speaking with great deliberation, as the carriage drove up to the door, "I shouldn't fancy her if there wasn't another woman in the world."

Mr. Hassan had come home on the late train, and his mother had a little supper ready for him, and instead of going back to his solitary den behind his office, Sydney stayed to partake of the little repast, for neither he nor his sister had taken supper at the president's.

A cloud seemed, in some mysterious manner, to have lifted from the face of creation, and to have dispersed itself in empty air.

How pretty his sister looked in her blue silk. Cassy was an uncommonly elegant woman; he wondered he had never noticed it before. What an excellent fellow was his brother-in-law; what a charm-

ing old lady was Mrs. Hassan the elder. What a delightful, well-ordered, home-like place was the house! Where had his wits been that hitherto all these things had never seemed to claim from him more than a listless, half-weary interest? He had not talked so much before in years, and he made a good supper, and then fed bits off his fork to the cat, which she, much condescending, took daintily.

He felt like a man who has dreamed of wandering long, heavily burdened, through waste places, and who wakes to find himself safe in the familiar room, with the visionary load left behind in the land of visions.

Before he went away, he had promised to think about an oft-repeated proposal to make his home with his brother-in-law. He thought to such good purpose, that before the week had come to an end he was established under his sister's roof, to that lady's great contentment.

He saw Mrs. Armer two or three times before she ended her visit; indeed, she came to him to consult him about a lawsuit in which she was engaged with her husband's relatives, but Mr. Devine informed her that the matter was out of his line of practice. Once and again he encountered his old love, but with no more dangerous emotions than ever-increasing disgust. The once sweet, unconventional artlessness was vulgarity; the grace, affectation; the silvery laugh, sounding brass.

With delight, he felt himself a free man, and he threw himself into his profession with renewed ardor, and each new day seemed a revelation of life.

Mrs. Armer did not prolong her visit, and in a few days flitted away, to the undisguised relief of Mrs. Vale.

As for Mr. Devine's long-cherished love, the angel of resurrection might have called for it in vain. The graven image, after reigning for years in a temple meant for a holier worship, crumbled into dust at the first sunbeam of reality that shone into the shrine.

—Clara F. Guernsey.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN AN OLD LINER.

QUICK transit is not always accompanied by agreeable incidents. As the English mail-coachman said, comparing old things with new—"If this here coach of mine upsets and spills you out, why, there you are. But if that 'ere train yonder runs off the track and busts her biler, where are you?" So with voyaging across the sea a generation since and at present. Science has reduced the matter to one of days instead of weeks, but this hardly compensates for the crash and smash, and hurry and flurry, that attend the coming and going of a great steamship. There is something dreadfully monotonous in the transit of a great steamship. Her punctuality palls upon the sense. From the moment of their setting foot on deck her officers become dummies. It is understood among them that no question whatever, put in any form, whether in prose or verse, by anybody not directly connected with the great, black, hulking tea-kettle, is to be answered. If you casually point your finger at the engine-room, you have a swell engineer, with gold-lace upon his cap, scowling at you with fiendish intentness. Then there is no companionship on board a great steamship. People have not time to get acquainted; and even if they had, the crowd is so great that one might as well try to form friendships in it as in the throng emerging from some mighty cathedral.

Ah! it was a pleasant time on the Atlantic in the days of the blessed old American "liners," which used to be the connecting link that drew the old and new worlds together between Liverpool and New York. The cry goes up here, day after day, that American ships are as extinct as the mastodon, leaving, like that monster, nothing but a few ribs to show that they once existed. This may be exaggeration, but it is certain that America is but poorly represented on the Atlantic passage. Her liners had supremacy on that passage, once. It was as much pleasanter to cross the Atlantic in one of these than in a steamship, as it is to travel through a charming country in a well-appointed stage-coach than in a hooting, blazing, bumptious railway train.

Let us take passage in one of these old liners at Liverpool for New York.

The flush deck, running clean fore and aft, looks much more roomy than that of a first-class steamship, because it is unhampered by the accessories of machinery, such as smoke-stack, walking-beams, and the other night-mare harness with which steam is

yoked. The ship has been towed out into the stream, and sailors are aloft in the rigging, making all ready to get her under way. There is a conspicuous absence of stokers, cinders, and oily smells. The ship's officers are alert upon deck, but have time to spare a word for passengers, and even to exchange hearty jokes with them when a chance offers. They have nothing about them to denote their rank—no gold-lace bands upon cap or coat, no particular pattern of button such as the steamship men wear. The portly captain, standing aft there, is dressed in a fashionable black frock-coat, with buff waistcoat, and has on his head a tall silk hat so shiny that one might see to shave in it. He accepts a cigar from a passenger, but does not light it yet, it being against rules to smoke abaft of the binnacle—a rule which the passengers become aware of at once, and are careful not to infringe. The second and third officers are young men of the regular sea-faring type, in rough pea-jackets, glazed hats, and heavy boots. They are very communicative and jolly, and, as we get clear out to sea, they go a good deal among the passengers, vying with each other in every way to make them feel themselves "at home." Compared to the passenger list of one of the great Atlantic steamships, that of our liner is but a small document. Men, women, and children, there are not more than forty cabin passengers on board, and the steerage has, perhaps, less than that number. So that there is elbow-room for all, and the affair looks like a pleasure cruise in a big yacht. The company is an assorted one, comprising samples from various walks in life. There may be an actor or two in the party, bound to fulfill an engagement at the old Park Theatre, New York. Sometimes there is a queen's messenger on board, on his way to Canada or Washington with government despatches. He is generally a very pleasant fellow, having seen much of life in all its phases, and knowing how to take the world as he finds it. There are two or three young married couples on board, who go honeymooning about the ship, seeking for secluded corners where they can be spooney without attracting observation. A few solid American merchants are usually among the passengers, and their theme is of dollars as they blow out pungent wreaths of smoke from their strong cigars. The force of the party is generally completed by one or two family groups, sometimes ruled over by babies, to whom all the other passengers, the captain, mates, and crew, are abjectly subservient.

In the cabin all is neat and ship-shape, without any gingerbread trimmings or unnecessary show. The panelings are of bird's-eye maple and black walnut, as is right and proper for an American ship. There are slings overhead for the table accessories, such as casters, etc., in case of rough weather. The steward and waiters are all of the colored race, and the cook—usually an African of the most marked type—is invariably known as "the Doctor." He shows very extensively on Sundays, when he dons a black satin apron as the emblem of his calling, which gives the funny man of the party occasion to introduce him as the "Bishop of Timbuctoo." For the first two or three days out justice is not done to the excellent fare supplied by our sable friend. The *mal de mer* is on most of the passengers who have not been at sea before, and they are in the majority. This disagreeable accompaniment of ship life once conquered, appetites become absolutely rampant. There is a tremendous demand for beef-steaks and bottled porter, at which even the babies look with wolfish eyes. Breakfast at seven, luncheon at twelve, dinner at five: these are the appointed hours, but passengers can suit themselves in that matter, and take their meals when and where it pleases them. Madeira and port are the every-day wines on the table, which is excellently served. On two days of the week—Sunday and Thursday—champagne is produced. Toasts and songs are the order of things when dinner has been disposed of. The rule on the home run from England is to drink the Queen's health for half the passage out, the President's for the rest of the voyage. If there is an actor in the party he is sure to sing a good song, and he sometimes enlivens the monotony of a ship's table with recitations. Everybody, whether he can sing or not, lifts up such voice as he has to contribute to the harmony of the occasion. The bluff captain with the large yellow waistcoat is not to be outdone in the matter of song, but he does not trust to his memory for his vocal efforts. Producing from his pocket a late edition of "The Little Warbler," he chants from it song after song in a stentorian, briny voice, and to tunes for which the

words were never measured. His most successful effort is "Yankee Doodle," now heard for the first time by most of the passengers, and which, if called upon specially, he can spin out to a matter of some two hundred verses. All this, only in smooth weather. Neither meat nor music go down well when the lee scuppers are running like mill-streams after a freshet.

When half-way out, the weather becomes nipping for a day or two, and the captain says that icebergs are at hand. He runs a little to the southward, so as to avoid collision with these dangerous customers. Within twenty-four hours huge masses of ice, lifting their opalesque heads far above the line of horizon, are visible without the aid of glasses. By-and-by we sail near enough to them to feel their influence on the temperature, and passengers who can sketch have their note-books out, and are "taking them down." Some of their shapes are very fantastic. Mosques with minarets, and domes of wild architectural designs, are common phenomena among these buildings not made by human hands. When we have sailed away from them for a few hours the temperature rises again, and very pleasant is the warm breath of May as we surge through the genial eddies of the Gulf Stream.

Sometimes the cry of "A whale! a whale!" brings all the passengers to their feet, and there is a rush to see the monster. It is amusing to hear the conflicting estimates made by passengers as to the length of the whale. Some put it down at fifty feet, others at two hundred. The captain, who is an old whaler, knows it to an inch, and can tell how many barrels of oil there are in the great sea beast besides. It is a privilege to be in a sailing vessel when there is a whale in the offing, because the monster makes a good display, as he plunges and spouts within a short distance of the ship, while to a steamer he generally gives a wide berth, frightened by her bluster and smoke.

And now we are off the Banks of Newfoundland, and there settles down upon us one of those thick, white fogs peculiar to that coast. There is nothing for it now but to lay to, and as the sea is quiet, and we are right upon a famous fishing-bank, there is no great hardship in that, after all. All hands on board—captain, crew and passengers—are suddenly transformed into fishermen, and a regular onslaught is organized upon the placid halibut and unintellectual codfish. Of tackle there is enough on board to supply a whole fleet of fishermen. The cook furnishes bait from the entrails of chickens and parings of salt pork. Cheer after cheer goes up as some lucky fisherman hauls in, hand over hand, a codfish of some forty or fifty pounds. But the captain makes the greatest hit of all, when he brings to the surface, with wonderful muscular efforts, a halibut about as large as a good-sized dining-table. To get this monster on deck it is necessary to harpoon it; a feat artistically performed by the first mate, who also has "gone for" whales in the arctic seas. Nobody touches anything but codfish or halibut, now, for two or three days; and nobody knows the infinite merits

of these peerless fishes who has not eaten of them within an hour or two after their transfer from the hook to the cook. Eaten upon land, as most of us have to eat them, their delicacy is gone.

We are nearing land, now. The stormy petrels that have hovered in our wake, day and night, on the wide sea, have deserted us. How lovely the land appears after four weeks of the fitful sea! The green shore of Staten Island is paradise, and there is a tumult of promise in the misty outline of the great city that looms ahead of our nearing ship, which will soon be moored at its crowded wharves.

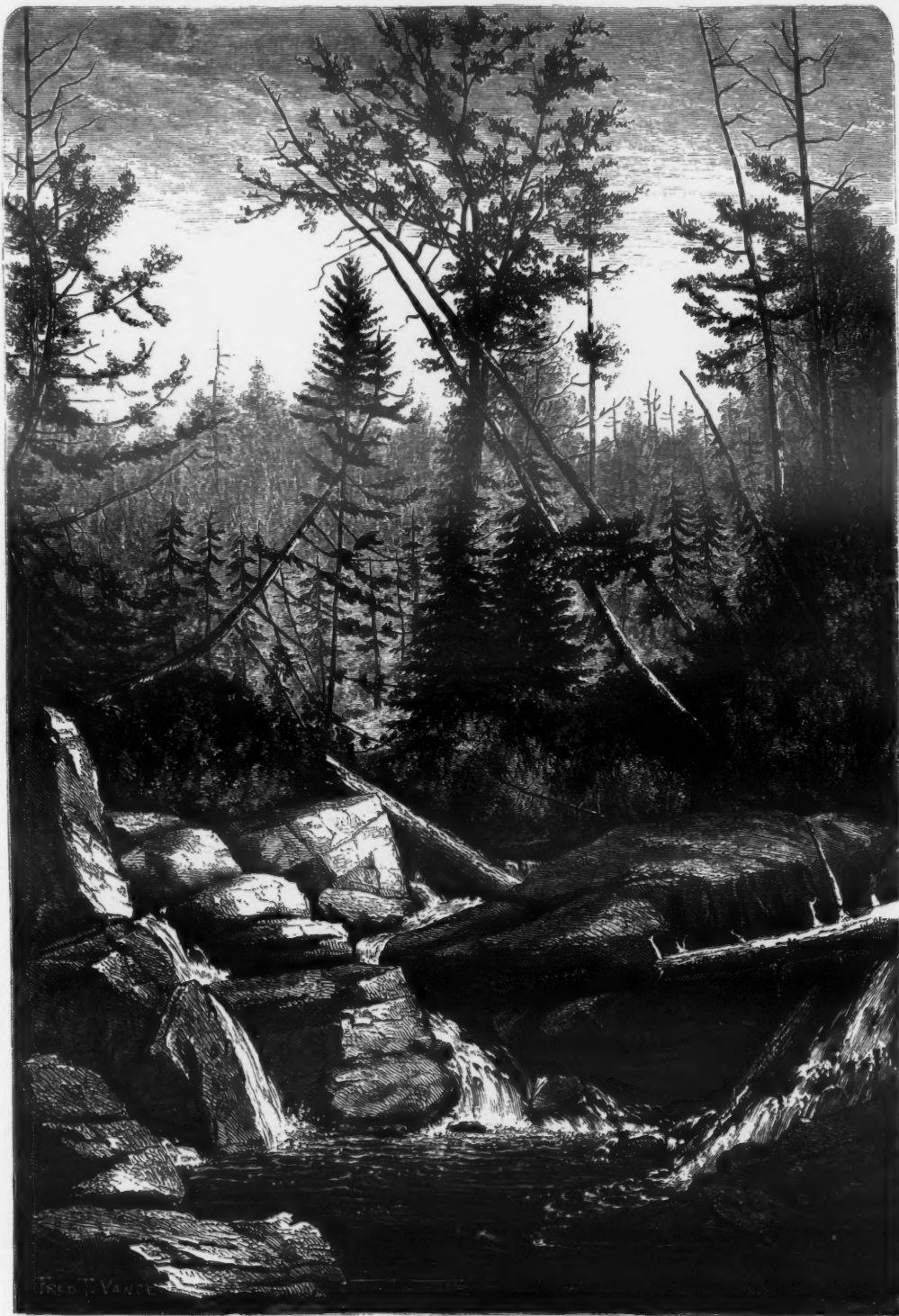
—Charles Dawson Shanly.

New England Traits:" who wrote it he does not tell us, nor does it matter. Among the odd people who figure in it is Lord Timothy Dexter. "We had also a *soi-disant* nobleman, of really the humblest extraction, and ignorant to a singular degree, but known by his eccentricities far and wide, who, on the score of a little money, accidentally amassed, proclaimed himself, by an inscription beneath a wooden statue of himself, in front of his residence, 'LORD OF THE EAST, LORD OF THE WEST, AND THE GREATEST PHILOSOPHER IN THE WESTERN WORLD.' He decorated his courtyard with an extraordinary amount of lumber of this sort, in the shape of human beings,

and dumb creatures of many sorts, each statue standing upon its separate pillar, to the intense admiration of the gaping rustics who visited the town to inspect it; and he fairly beat the Scottish Earl of Buchan, who was infected with a similar mania. Upon an arch, directly opposite his front door, he had placed Washington, Adams, and Jefferson. Adams, on the right, was bareheaded, and upon inquiry by some one why this distinction was made, since Jefferson's chapeau was in its place, the great 'lord' replied: 'Do you suppose I would have anybody stand at the right hand of Washington with his hat on?' He was said, also, upon certain hilarious occasions, celebrated in a tomb which he had constructed under a summer-house in his garden, to have indulged in the mastication of bank-bills between slices of bread and butter, doubtless to the envy of his boon companions; not, as might be inferred, of the better or richer classes, though, considering all things, it is perhaps needless to hope that these current symbols of value were a little cleaner than most of those of modern date."

Old New England was famous for its divines, many of whom had a happy knack of saying good things. A case in point was the remark made by the Reverend Mr. Milton, a Presbyterian minister, toward the close of his life, that when he first came to this country, the topic of sermons was "Jesus Christ and Him crucified; now it was nothing but niggers and rum." He was good at retort. Early one Monday morning he was going home from the market with

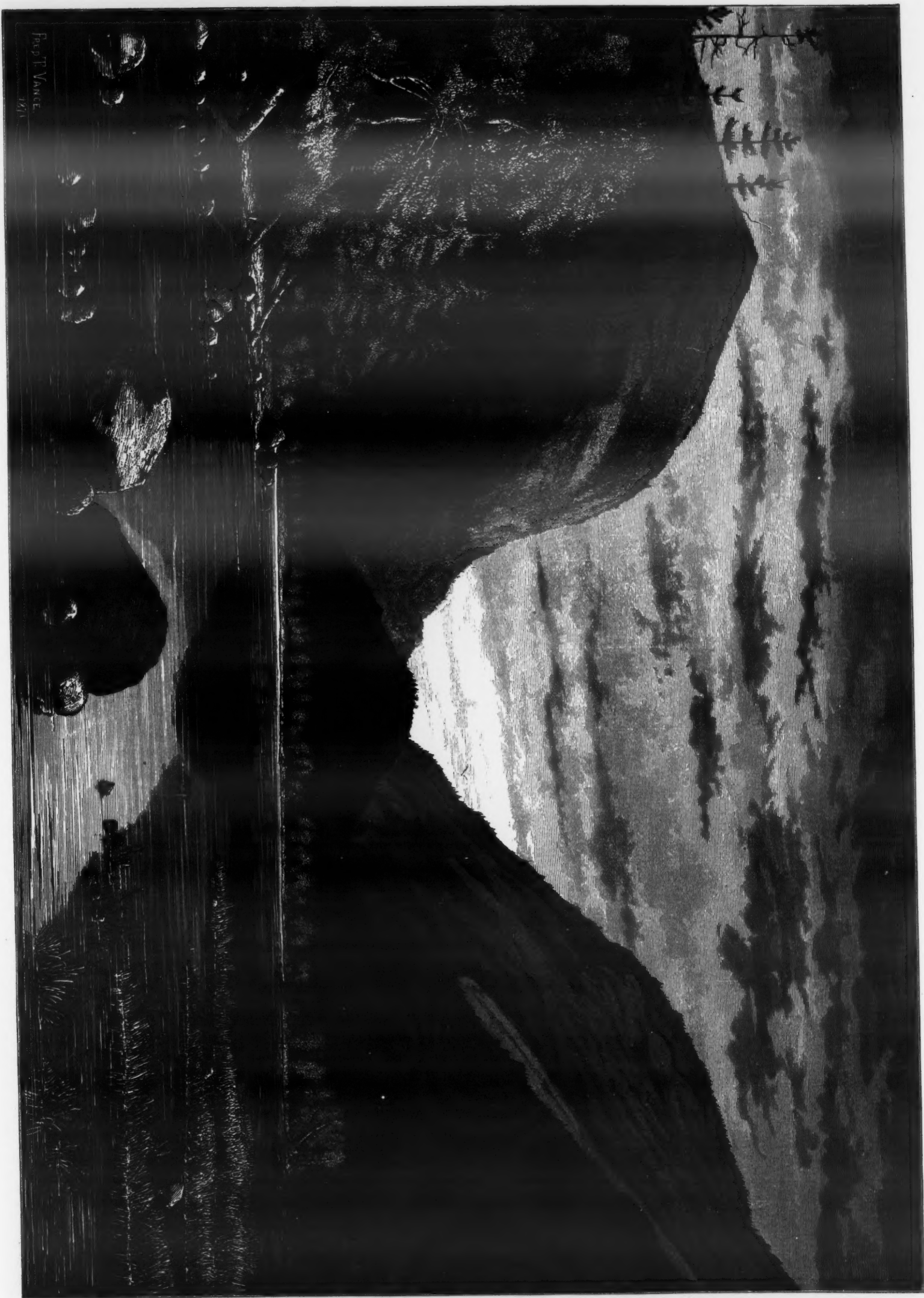
some mackerel which he had just purchased strung upon his cane. "Mr. Milton," said some passer-by, "them mackerel was caught Sunday." "Well," was the reply, "that ain't the fishes' fault." They thought a good deal of grace before meat. A family had assembled at the table, and the son began by making demonstrations toward the provisions. "You Bob Barker," said his mother, "if you stick your fork into that meat before I've asked a blessing, I'll be the death of ye!" Here is a good tavern story: "Major, I can't dine you any more for twenty-five cents." "Why not?" "I'll tell you, Major, the very vegetables you've eaten cost two and three pence" (37½ cents), "saying nothing of the meat and pies." "Pho! Wilkins, it's only the second table!" "Second table! Why, Major, if you had sat down to the first table, there wouldn't have been no second."



CALAMITY POND BROOK.—F. T. VANCE.

OLD NEW ENGLAND TRAITS.

THE difference between the New England of to-day, and the New England of sixty or seventy years ago, is much greater than is imagined, even by those who were born and bred there. The world has moved since then, and the descendants of the Puritans have been moved with it, whether they would or no. However we regard them—whether from the moral, political, or social standpoint—they are not the same people they were. The present generation knows them not, or knows them only through the medium of books, which generally impart but a second-hand sort of knowledge. Now and then we come across one which we feel to be authentic, and which puts back the clock of time to the period described. Mr. George Lunt has lately edited such a volume—"Old



FRED T. VANCE
1871

LAKE COLDEN.—F. T. VANCE.

A GOOD DOG.

I'm fond of that dog?
Well, I ought to be,
For he saved my life,
And is fond of me.
He knows what I'm saying—
There—do you see—
He comes and puts
His paw on my knee!

I was took with the fever,
And down so low
I made up my mind
I had to go:
It was on the cards,
I hadn't no show;
It was—Pass in your chips,
And good-by Joe!

That's just where I was—
Played out, you may say,
For the doctor left,
When my chum run away:
Doctors in them days
Went for their pay:
I lay there alone—
Not a man would stay!

Only my dog,
Who sat by my bed,
Just where I could see him,
And pat his head:
He felt what I suffered,
Knew what I said,
And wouldn't believe
I was almost dead!

Day after day,
And night after night,
He sat by my bedside,
Always in sight;
He seemed to know
That my head was light;
He wouldn't lie down,
And the dog was right!

I felt if he did—
And I think so still—
I should lose my grip—
He was my will:
He put out the fever,
Broke up the chill,—
Was something to me
Death could not kill!

I lead a rough life,
I get and I spend,
Pay what I borrow,
Lose what I lend:
I loved a woman—
It came to an end:
Get a good dog, sir,
You have a friend!

—S. Lang.

NATURE'S FOREST VOLUME.

To begin with a tree. Let us consider it. I have felt a tree to be sentient when I have observed it under the influence of rain and wind,—its resistance at the root against the violence of the blast, its boughs so gracefully and pleadingly bending beneath it, and its leaves so hopelessly wet that one thinks them so with their own tears. Look at it revived in the sunshine; how modest and how gay it is, tossing its plumes in the breeze, and composing songs with the airs! Because trees do not eat, drink, and be merry, like human creatures, have we a right to deny them sensation of either pain or pleasure? For all we know, a mighty forest may feel among its members a daily succession of pleasant or unpleasant sensations, similar in kind to those which pervade the population of a mighty city. A tree has life; if you cut it, it will bleed; deprive it of nourishment, it will die. It has a perfect organization—a perfect circulating system; it reproduces itself, and, in favorable circumstances, it will sometimes live for centuries. Tennyson has proved the vitality of a tree in his "Talking Oak," if ever a poet proved anything by an exquisite lyric:

"Her kisses were so close and kind
That, trust me on my word,
Hard wood I am, and wrinkled rind,
But yet my sap was stirred."

"Then close and dark my arms I spread,
And shadowed all her rest—
Dropt dew upon her golden head,
An acorn in her breast."

Charming Miss Mitford has written charmingly of wood scenery—its glades, and dells, and thickets; its woodbines, its nightingales; in her lament for the gypsies she calls them the wild geese—the pheasants

and roebucks of the human race. From the character of her mind, she could not have been born out of England, and in England nowhere but in the midst of English forest scenery. Another lover of the woods, who lived in the New Forest for years, is the Rev. Wm. Gilpin. His delightful work on "Forest Scenery" has made his book and his drawings an authority to every person of taste and lover of the picturesque. His observations are as minute and exact as those of White of Selborne, but much more poetical; his pen and pencil are those of the true artist.

Each English forest has its celebrated oaks. The oak at Bale, upward of five hundred years old, is leafless and branchless; it measures thirty-six feet in circumference, and twenty men may stand with ease in the interior, which is perfectly hollow. Dick Turpin's Oak stands on the highway at Finchley. From time to time pistol-balls have been extracted from the bark, which had been discharged at the trunk by travelers to deter Dick and his highwaymen friends who might have been behind it. The Sydney Oak was planted to commemorate the birth of Sir Philip Sydney. The Monmouth Ash, where the Duke of Monmouth was found hid in the fern at its foot, after the battle of Sedgemoor, stands in Horton. Herne's Oak was in Windsor Forest, and many others, all with poetic or historical legends. No poet has been more grand than Bryant on the theme of "God's first temples." Memorable as this phrase is Milton's

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa;"

and Coleridge's title,

"The birch, the lady of the woods;"

and Keats' magnificent line in "Hyperion":

"Those green-robed senators of summer woods."

To lovers of Nature how much the pages of this her volume offers. As Bryant says, "Enter this wild wood, and find a balm for the sick heart."

"Hence these shades
Are still the abode of gladness; the thick roof
Of green and stirring branches is alive
And musical with birds."

"Even the green trees
Partake the deep contentment; as they bend
To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene."

The English forest, *par excellence*, is the source of inspiration for writers. Unlike the terrible forests of the tropics, or those of severe climates, it contains multitudinous beauties: its myriads of insects, its singing birds, its gentle animals, who never rise above the mischievous, its population of foresters, cottagers, gypsies—the slight and safe element of the unique and mysterious, and its utilization—all combine to make it the subject of a delightful interest. Even those who have never considered the question of forests, will find their memory does not fail them, when they have the old names of Windsor Forest, Sherwood Forest, Epping Forest! From the early days of Saxon history the English kings claimed the largest share in forests. To begin with Windsor Forest, dearest to Englishmen, whose romance begins with Arthur and his knights; where the Saxon kings lived, and where, in its castle, the most celebrated pageants and courtly ceremonies for many reigns were performed. At first this forest comprehended a circumference of a hundred and thirty miles. It dwindled away with the lapse of time to seventy-seven miles, with three thousand head of deer. At present the view from Windsor Castle is one of the finest in England. Eton College is in its neighborhood; further on is Stoke Pogis, the scene of Gray's Elegy. On the extreme right is Runnymede, where King John signed Magna Charta. Nearer is the village of Datchet, where, according to Shakespeare, Sir John Falstaff was ducked by the Merry Wives of Windsor. In this park, too, was "Herne's Oak," immortalized by Shakespeare:

"There is an old tale goes that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest."

Windsor Forest contains the largest artificial lake in Europe—Virginia Water, formed in the reign of George III. There is a statue of this king in Windsor Park. It contains some magnificent trees—beeches thirty-six feet round, and two of the oaks near Cranbourne Lodge are thirty-eight feet round. Windsor Castle and Forest are more associated with royalty than any other in England. Here Edward III. instituted the Order of the Garter; here Queen Elizabeth hunted deer; and here Charles I. is buried.

Queen Anne held her drawing rooms at Windsor Castle. In short, "the proud keep of Windsor" is associated with the most interesting events and persons in the history of England. Hainault Forest contains the unique "Lawn Farm," reclaimed from the woods, which is said to be the original of "Warren Farm," in Dickens's novel of "Barnaby Rudge." Chigwell is not far off, and there is still an inn called "The Maypole."

Every reader of history knows that William the Conqueror made himself detestable by seizing a tract of land covered with manors, towns, and villages, and converting it into the New Forest, and making most cruel and arbitrary laws. At present it is twenty miles one way, and fifteen the other. Six thousand acres are enclosed for timber growth, scattered in different enclosures, subject to forest laws. Forty-eight thousand acres are enclosed against cattle, but not deer. In the purlieu of this forest there are some acres of freehold property, whose proprietors claim forest rights and privileges. Beaulieu Abbey, that beautiful monastic ruin, is here; gypsies form a portion of the population. The New Forest is celebrated for a breed of small half-wild horses, which belong to the borderers and cotters, and run wild till caught and tamed. Herds of hogs are fed on beech-mast in autumn, and here and there are flocks of sheep. In the New Forest, owing to the diversity of vegetation and the surface, the note of every British bird may be heard. The principal trees are oaks and beeches; the ground is characterized by heathy lands and carpet lawns, interspersed with woods; parts are so high as to command magnificent views; rivers and brooks run through it, and along its borders are bays with coast scenery, with broken cliffs and winding shores.

Dartmoor Forest, now little more than a series of desolate morasses, where granite "tors" rise to the surface, beneath which immense trunks are embedded, was the home of the pixies. Their appearance in this region resembled a ball or bundle of rags; in this shape they decoyed children, and played manifold tricks. The mention of Sherwood Forest recalls Robin Hood. Once it covered the whole of Nottingham County; but Civilization has come, and the Forest is but a vestige. At Bilhaugh there are oaks which cannot be less than six centuries old. When Richard the Lion-Hearted returned from his imprisonment in Austria, he visited Sherwood Forest, at that time a terror to the Normans. There the last remnant of armed Saxons, still denying the conquest, found a refuge. A man who had long been the hero of the poor, the serfs, and the Anglo-Saxon race, lived there too—the famous Robert Hood; the chronicles tell us little more than this of the partisan chief. The romances and ballads tell us all we know. He has a claim to the title of the Earl of Huntingdon; it is in his epitaph on his tombstone at Kirk-lee. An old song relates that he was traveling, at the age of eighty, in the vicinity of the nunnery there, and was taken ill. The superior was his cousin:

"She blooded bold Robin Hood, till not a drop would run."

Pilgrims still frequent the wayside inn, and traces of the nunnery exist. The fragment of Parliament Oak in this region is above a thousand years old. Some years since branches started from this trunk which yielded hundreds of acorns. In the heart of Sherwood Forest stands Newstead Abbey, the ancestral home of Lord Byron, one of the best specimens of that style of architecture, half castle, half nunnery, ruined, changed, and restored according to its owners. The fact that there are so many minor and miscellaneous forests, all named, with a pedigree, and under forest laws, proves the solidity and sense of the English—a fact which America should open her eyes to, and make laws for the preservation of the forests so rapidly disappearing. Canute made the first English forest laws in the year 1016. William the Conqueror confirmed these laws, and his successors, following his example, kept one-eighth of the country in their possession as royal forests. Down to the reign of James I. the crown forests were managed without regard to gain or profit; the object was not to grow good timber, but to rear good deer, to afford Majesty pleasure. Charles I. changed this practice, and raised goodly sums out of the sale of forest produce. With William III. the forests were still better managed; but after him came days of corruption—gross frauds were discovered, and, after different systems were adopted, the present one was finally chosen.

The emoluments of the forests differ. The New Forest shows an annual income of £13,521, and an expenditure of £10,370. The products of a smaller



GROUP OF DEER.—SPECHT.

forest, Parkhurst, consist of timber, flittern bark, oak wood ends, pales, fir poles, underwood, fir and furze fagots, and gravel; the receipts are £8,941. The London parks, also in the charge of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, form a heavy source of expenditure. The annual cost of St. James, the Green, and Hyde parks is £12,522; the receipts are only £1,170.

Having done with these giants of the forests, the pigmies may lift their little faces—the flowers. The forests are rich in them; they nestle at the roots of the trees, sprinkle the paths, spring up from mossy beds, or stand thickly along the brooks and rills. The earliest that star the forest are the daisy, primrose and violet—a tri-color of white, yellow and purple. The little white anemone appears soon in shady nooks, and the wood-sorrel. The orchis, crocus, and crane's-bill, arum, snow-drop, woundwort, honeysuckles and wild roses, follow with the summer. Treasures of berries, nuts, and wild-fruit grow in all.

To the delicate and pensive beauty of these woods, the immense tropical forests of the Old and New worlds offer a contrast almost as terrible in their beauty as in their desolation. Between the sea and the Himalaya Mountains are zones of vast forests—billows of dark and bright foliage, the teak tree,

tamarind, mango, ebony, and the bamboo tribe. Some are dense with thickets of bindweed, and vine-like plants, and thorny bushes. To these jungles repair the animals terrible to man. In the Delta of the Ganges, the Indian sandal-wood and false mangosteen form the dominant species; cholera and malignant fevers are carried thence by the monsoons, and light on open countries. Brilliant flowers illuminate their gloomy masses. In Oriental regions arborescent ferns prevail, orchids, the ginger tribe, pepper plants, the chocolate family, bignonias, myrtles, camphor-trees, custard-apples, and parasitical plants. Saul Forest, in Hindostan, one of the largest in the world, has an area of fifteen hundred miles. In Nepal the dammar-pine forms magnificent forests. Descending the Himalaya into the Punjaub, the chestnut tree of India is dominant, mixed with plum and maple. The trees of prodigious dimensions are the Banian fig, and the tamarind of India. The mountains of Java describe five zones of trees—the palms, cocoanut, the talipot, dates, screw-pines, gamboge trees, and the Australasian kinds—canellas, silk-cotton trees, soap-nuts, and bread-fruits. The coast of New Guinea presents a splendid spectacle—the dragon-blood, and sandal-wood, red-wood and marsupians raise their majestic heads, and in the thick undergrowth

the birds of paradise hide their splendid plumage, while others incessantly pursue the ants which serve as food. In the Moluccas are those dreadful marine forests, periodically inundated by the sea. In their defiles, which are termed mangroves, crocodiles and dangerous reptiles make their abode.

According to Humboldt, forests attain their greatest beauty in the New World. Brazil is the land of virgin forests. Every tree has its individuality, so to speak; gigantic plants which belong to families most remote mingle their branches, and blend their foliage. Five-leaved bignonias and cassias are there, and their golden flowers, in falling, are scattered over arborescent ferns. The divided branches of the myrtles bring into prominence the simplicity of the palms, and among the leaflets of the mimosas the cecropia spreads out its branches, which resemble immense candelabra. The greatest part of the trees rise straight to prodigious heights; the bark is sometimes smooth, and sometimes defended with thorns; and the enormous trunks of a species of fig throw out oblique blades, which support them like cross-bows. In South America grow the most brilliant flowers. Vegetable forms, humble with us, develop into shrubs and trees. But it is in grasses that the difference in vegetation may be seen. The twining plants



THE EXPLANATION.—AFTER HERPFFER.

which interlace the trees of these forests are themselves trees.

Toward the Equator, the vertical rays of the sun give the land a prodigious force of production; its creations partake of the monstrous and the gigantic. In the rainy season language cannot describe the appearance of these forests—floating upon an immense sea; when the wind agitates the waves and branches, the landscape takes a physiognomy which the pencil of a painter would be unable to express. Plants float above the head of the traveler, whose boat is entangled in a wonderful labyrinth; the paroquets chatter about him, and he hears the noise of the monkeys. The sloths suspended in lethargy on the white branches of the ambaiba tree, and the armadillos, are not disturbed as his boat is pushed through the canals which lead to the river. Exquisite fruits and lovely flowers grow in this zone. The woods sought for utility are found in the interior of Guinea—rose-wood, satin-wood, white and black cedar, and the letter-wood tree. Tropical plants contain won-

derful antidotes for poison, and wonderful cures, as yet barely discovered by the natives. Mexico and California show a character of the temperate climate, and so do the waters of the Mississippi, and the regions of the Rocky Mountains.

In the Ancient World the desert has taken the place of the forest. Egypt and India are divested of forest vegetation. An arid soil now occupies the site of several forests mentioned in the Bible. Persia has lost her forests, and Greece hers also. Northern Europe is only measurably rich in forests.

The first idea of the settlers in our own country was extermination, and the idea prevails too greatly still. Tract upon tract of this vast land has been changed in all its conditions; its climate has been altered, its water-courses dried, and its animals extirpated. A pleasant writer on the woods and by-ways of New England suggests the importance of forest conservatories—woods to preserve the birds and small quadrupeds so necessary in the economy of nature—to plant her seeds, destroy or protect in-

sects, bugs, larvæ, etc. The value of trees for shade, as a protection against the winds, and the amelioration of the climate, is too little understood. There is a salubrious relation in regard to woods not enough defined; in the South, for example, during the sickly season, the inhabitants resort to the "pine barrens," where the air is perfectly pure. The Italians believe that belts of trees prevent the formation and the advance of malaria. When we do fully comprehend the mysterious relation of trees and forests to climate and the soil, to drought and inundations, it is to be hoped that this idea of protection will be carried out. With the National Conservatories, game laws must be established, and the merciless slaughter of wild pigeons, prairie hens, buffaloes, and such "small deer," stopped. Until then we must expect the extinction of noble trees, and the disappearance of the little animals so familiar to us. Already the gray squirrel is rare in New England woods, and the loon, once so common in ponds and bays, is seldom seen.

—Elizabeth Stoddard.



"VOT DOESH YOU PEDDLES?"—W. M. CARY.

PRESS ODDITIES.

THE antiquary, "too often the collector of valuables that are worth nothing, and a recollector of all that Time has been glad to forget," has never taken more delight in accumulating

"A fouth o' auld nick-nackets,
Rusty airn caps, and jingling jackets,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets
A towmont gude,
And parritch pats, and auld saut lackets
Before the Flood."

than I in gathering from all available sources queer specimens of those tricks of language, usually called blunders, which the average reader is apt to pass

over without notice. My collection of literary curiosities is an unusually large one. It has served as a fund of amusement for a great many people, young and old, who have been allowed the privilege of inspecting my museum; but, led by a charitable desire to share with the world at large, I have determined to display my treasures where they can be enjoyed by the greatest possible number—hence this display.

I once sent to the printer an article in which occurred a well-known distich from Shenstone's "Schoolmistress." In the proof that was sent me, the lines read thus:

"A little bunch of headless bishops here,
And there a chandelier in embargo."

The same printer took such liberties with texts from

Holy Writ, that I often trembled to think how dim was his prospect of a happy life in the long hereafter. I had, in a paper concerning the horse, written out in a plain hand the 25th verse of the 39th chapter of Job. This wicked disciple of Dr. Faust made the patient man of Uz say of the war steed,

"He saith among the trumpets, Hay, hay; and he smelleth the bottle afar off, the thunder of the cannon and the shooting."

The yachting reporter of the *Tribune* went to Bayonne, N. J., in June, 1867, to witness a regatta. The weather was very bad, and the man of the quill, anxious to air a little of his very meagre knowledge of rare words and expressions, accounted for the postponement of the race in these words—"For Jupiter Pluvius had taken the day for himself." The

printers, who were driven to distraction whenever they were called upon to set up his "kakographs," managed to explore the labyrinths of his scrawly pages with commendable success; but what to make of the phrase which I have just quoted they could not tell. After much trouble, one of them, acting, as it were, under an inspiration, grappled with the difficulty, and overcame it. The proof read, "For Inspector Harris had taken the tug for himself;" and that unblushing falsehood touching the mythical official would have gone into the paper unchallenged, had not the writer fortunately seen his proof-sheets before the forms were "made up."

There seems to be nothing in a funeral to bring out all the latent foolishness there is in a man; but how many thousands of people can still remember the *World's* great description of President Lincoln's body lying in state at the White House, and the correspondent's touching allusions to General Hunter's paper collar! When Police Commissioner Bergen died, the *Times* chronicled the arrangements for the funeral under the head of "Out-Door Sports;" and on the very next day the *Herald*, in its account of the burial, had a great deal to say about "several private carriages who were attired in the habiliments of mourning, and whose sorrowful countenances gave rise to a mournful train of thought which a glance at the interior of the apartment, in which lay the remains of their relative or fond friend, was not calculated to dispel."

A Western paper last year contained a paragraph in which the announcement was made that the tooth of a mastodon "weighing four and one-half pounds was found on Tuesday some two feet below the ground while digging a ditch."

Examples of this kind of ambiguous construction are not confined to the newspaper columns, by any means. They abound in books which have been carefully read by author and proof-reader, and are not wanting in the works of some of our best authors. The following is from Miss Austen:

"Mr. Collins and Charlotte appeared at the door, and the carriage stopped at the small gate, which led by a short gravel walk to the house, amid the nods and smiles of the whole party."

And again:

"Elizabeth hesitated, but her knees trembled under her, and she felt how little could be gained by an attempt to pursue them."

Even Thackeray has been guilty of slovenly writing. For example, I read in his "Virginians": "He dropped his knife in his retreat against the wall, which his rapid antagonist kicked under the table." If this was a stone wall, it is fair to presume that the rapid antagonist's toes were rendered useless for any further calcitration. In another novel from the pen of a favorite author I find this singular statement:

"The major shrugged his shoulders and made no reply to the humane sentiment, and presently was too engrossed in examining a flying fish which had leaped out of the water upon the deck to continue the conversation with the captain."

In a very interesting little book in which the mysteries of the dairy are explained, we are told that

"After the golden cheeses have been baked, they are taken to the vaults, and piled up. It would do the eyes of a miser good to see the inside of this vault, or even of a defaulting bank clerk."

Why or how the miser could possibly be made happier or better by acting the part of an haruspex, and

gazing at the inside of a dishonest bank clerk—or what connection can exist between the defaulter's viscera and the interior of a cheese vault, this little book, in all other respects remarkably clear, does not explain.

When Professor Hasbrouck, the worthy principal of an educational institute in Jersey City, so narrowly escaped serious injury two or three years ago, the reporter of one of the evening papers, after describing the accident in scholarly terms, made this addition:

"Fortunately his fall was broken by striking on a board which gave way, and escaped with a sprained wrist."

Up to this point the reader's sympathy was altogether with the professor, but by the time he had finished reading the paragraph, he was forced to be-



"SHOO, FLY!"

stow at least a small share upon the board, which, struck by a fall, had escaped with a sprained wrist.

Very laughable errors are occasionally detected in the writings of the pedagogues, who should, by all means, be the most scrupulous and fastidious in the use of language. In Quackenboss's "Natural Philosophy" (1866), on page 75, is a sentence which the critic might find fault with without being taxed with undue severity. Teachers and parents are told that

"High chairs for children are unsafe unless their legs spread at the bottom."

Seeing that the legs here spoken of must belong to the chair, it is hardly fair to charge the writer with anything more serious than an accidental looseness of expression. But on page 90 of the same book we are told with all gravity, that

"Machinery enables us with a certain amount of power, by taking a longer time, to do pieces of work that we could not otherwise do at all."

—which is very much like nonsense.

By what singular mental process the Paterson reporter was recently brought to the announcement that "they are digging up a corpse which has been buried two years in consequence of a contested will case;" or why the editor of a short-lived Sunday paper found it advisable to hint that "to fret the literary horizon with one more emblem of journalistic enterprise may seem to many an absurd exhibition of pig-headed temerity," it would puzzle the astutest psychologist to determine. Certain it is, however, that the ways of the average newspaper writer are inscrutable, and that his sentences are fearfully and wonderfully made. It is hypercritical, no doubt, to search for literary lapses in articles from the daily and weekly press, written, corrected, and printed probably in a few hours; yet when we find them they are amusing, even when they shock us with their exhibitions of the most barbarous disrespect to the Queen's English. Thus, we can hardly refrain from laughing outright on reading the following paragraph printed in the *Lockport Union* in December last; while at the same time we feel a strong desire to seize the writer and drown him in his own inkstand:

"The outgoing and the incoming were both brave and efficient soldiers, and him who says they never smelt gunpowder are mistaken. They have both been on numerous battle-fields, coming home with the honors, and in the case of Major L., who by the by, for meritorious acts, was breveted Lieutenant Colonel."

"Clavo clavus pellitur." The reference to a military man reminds me of a queer letter, written in 1868, to a New York daily, by a correspondent who had been sent to West Point, to describe the scenes and incidents during the time of General Grant's visit to the Military Academy, in November of that year: "A number of persons were introduced to General Grant and lady on the way up by General Dent" * * * * "Young children were lifted by their mothers up to the window, from which General Grant shook hands with every one, male and female, who presented their hands to be shook" * * * * "General Grant shook hands with each officer as he came up in the most business-like manner" * * * * "As the boat touched the dock, thirteen guns were belched forth from Battery Knox, making the hills and valleys to echo with reverberations." Fred Grant, although "a fair,

fresh-skinned boy, with bluish-gray eyes, rather chubby in appearance," was not, by any means, "in the opinion of the students, the brightest boy in his studies." "Still," added the conscientious scribe, "he has got that bony, massive head and manner of looking steadfastly like his father, at matters and things, which has made the latter famous." * * * * "The cadets stare in silent awe at him, most fortunate of generals, as he silently moves and strolls about the grounds, and they present arms in a highly respectful manner whenever he comes within a stone's throw of their vicinity. There was a dress parade as usual this evening, and with the fine band bursting forth in strains that rent the blue dark hills, the scene was really beautiful to behold."

Harper's Bazar once printed a home-written letter from a Paris correspondent, who solemnly averred that at Fontainebleau the emperor was "very often in country *negligé*—a light cloth jacket and a small round gray hat with a few jay feathers"—what one

would properly call undress uniform, methinks. But the poor empress, according to the statement of this same correspondent, must have been utterly demoralized; for he wrote with equal precision as to details, that Eugenie was "very partial to a chignon of curls," and "scarcely wears anything else, except on horseback."

Last year, the physicians of Galveston, Texas, struck for higher pay; and after an interesting meeting they published their new schedule of fees, which, as may readily be guessed by the quotations given below, is a very odd document:

"For a visit in a family where there are several patients, \$3 each.
 "When the visiting physician is in doubt, and consults with another, he shall receive \$15.
 "No families or individuals shall be contracted for by the year.
 "All bills are recommended to be presented and collected immediately after last illness."

It has often been shown how it is possible for printers to turn a beautiful paragraph into ridicule by dropping a letter from the author's manuscript text, by omitting a word, by misspelling another, or by punctuating improperly. But printers have never been noted for a strong desire to manifest contrition for the manifold sins and wickednesses of which they have been guilty; and it is not probable that at this late day, even with the dawn of the millennium dazzling their eyes, they will either weep or wail or gnash their teeth in token of repentance. On the contrary, they continue to irritate mild-mannered men with their blunders, and to make morose men murderously mad at their many mischievous mistakes. What wonder that the celebrated Philadelphia divine became transported with rage when, on the day following the delivery of his great lecture on "Marriage," he read in the *Inquirer* that he had defined love as "an infernal teapot," instead of "an internal transport!" What wrath must have filled the soul of the truthful hunter, Zebulon Warren, who, after giving the country editor an honest account of his last exploit in panther shooting, found the story thus distorted:

"The shot was most excellent, and taking effect directly above the left eye at the distance of 40 yards from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail he measured eight feet."

When the printer, in setting up a glowing eulogy of the lady principal of the village school, dropped a word, and adverted to "the reputation for teaching she bears," that lady's indignation was certainly excusable. But Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton has had as much cause for fault-finding as any other "pau body" whose spoken and written words are doomed to reproduction at the printer's hands. A year or two ago she wrote thus mournfully to a Buffalo paper:

"By some fantastic trick of your type-setter, my speech in St. James' Hall, on Saturday evening, is suddenly terminated, and so linked with that of Mr. Train, that I am made to run off in an entirely new vein of eloquence. Among many other exploits I am made to boast that I neither smoke, nor chew, nor drink, nor lie, nor steal, nor swear; as if such accomplishments were usual among American women. In the Buffalo *Express* women are to vote for 'liberty and God,' instead of 'freedom and equality.' In a speech not long since, wherever I refer to my honored countrymen as 'white males,' I am reported as having addressed them as 'white mules.' All these are good jokes if credited to the printer's devil; but not to those who represent an unpopular side, and carefully weigh their words."

Sometimes a printer's blunder is the innocent cause of great grief, as in the case of a paragraph which recently appeared in a city paper, and was copied all over the Union. In that journal it was announced that

"Mr. T. H. Glenny, who played in New York in 'Arrah-na-Pogue,' is starving in the English provinces."

The truth was that Mr. Glenny was "starring" in the provinces, and was doubtless living on the fat of the land while his friends were mourning his decease.

Fancy the feelings of the fond mothers who read in Doctor Doran's "Saints and Sinners" a proof of the irreligion and stinginess of the Presbyterians in Crawford, Scotland, in that

"At a kirk collection, all that was found in the plate, after prayer, sermon, and christening, were two bad shillings and a babie!"

And how immeasurable will their relief be when they learn that not a real live baby, but a copper "bawbee" was the only treasure found in that plate!

But the following series of odd blunders were not committed by the printer:

"The lecture last evening was a brilliant affair. The hall ought to have been filled, but we are sorry to say only forty persons were present. The speaker began by saying that he was by birth an ecclesiastical deduction, and gave a learned description of Satan and his skill in sawing trees. Among other things he stated that the patriarch Abraham taught Cecrops arithmetic. We trust the lecturer may be induced to repeat the lecture at some future day."

This was printed in a Western paper. On the day of its appearance the lecturer wrote to the editor:

"In a report of my lecture in your beautiful city you have made

delivered at West Point, at the laying of the cornerstone of the Sedgwick Monument, in which a well-known and oft-repeated quotation was rendered, "*You by libertas, I by patria*;" but a printer set it up, and he should have known better.

You will find, in Miss Cooper's "Pages and Pictures," an amusing account of the blunder of the translator who first rendered her father's novel, "The Spy," into the French language. The Wharton residence, you remember, was called "The Locusts." The translator referred to his dictionary, and there discovered that *The Locusts* was in French *Les Sauterelles*—the grasshopper. But when he found one of the dragoons represented as tying his horse to one of the locusts on the lawn, he naturally supposed that he was at fault. Nothing daunted, however, but taking it for granted that American grasshoppers, like everything else American, must be of gigantic size, he gravely informed his readers that the dragoon secured his charger by fastening the bridle to one of the grasshoppers which were kept standing before the door for that purpose.

It was a medical gentleman who wrote to Sir Henry Haldord, in 1832, on the subject of cholera, claiming the credit of being "the first to discover the disease, and communicate it to the public." It was a Board of Supervisors who resolved—

1. That we build a new jail.
2. That the new jail be built out of the materials of the old jail.
3. That the old jail be used until the new jail be finished."

It was a dramatic and musical critic in Ohio who denied that Miss Kellogg had a larger repertoire than Parepa, Nilsson, or Patti, and who thus defended his position:

"We do not, of course, know how Miss Kellogg was dressed in other cities, but, upon the occasion of her last performance here, we are positively certain that her repertoire did not seem to extend out so far as either Nilsson's or Patti's. It may have been that her overskirts were cut too narrow, to permit of its being gathered into such a large lump behind; or it may have been that it had been crushed down accidentally; but the fact remains, that both of Miss Kellogg's rivals wore repertoires of a much more extravagant size—very much to their discredit, we think."

It was a French scholar who, in preparing a classified catalogue of books, placed Miss Maria Edgeworth's "Essay on Irish Bulls" in the list of works on Natural History; and it was a Scotch gentleman of leisure who, having purchased and read a copy of it, pronounced her "a pair silly body to write a buke on bulls, and no ane word o' horned cattle in it a', forby the bit beastie [the vignette] at the beginning."

It was an English shoemaker who thus replied to a dealer's advertisement in an Oxford paper: "The boots and shoes Mr. Crispin says

he sells of my make is a lie." And the intelligent superintendent of a wealthy railway in England is responsible for this:

"Hereafter when trains moving in an opposite direction are approaching each other on separate lines, conductors and engineers will be required to bring their respective trains to a dead halt before the point of meeting, and be very careful not to proceed till each train has passed the other."

This is just such a bull as our own passenger railway superintendents make when they tell the traveling public that "Passengers are forbidden to get on or off the cars when in motion"—a kind of blunder that types will not make unless "set up" to it by a misdirected intelligence.

These examples from periodical literature may readily be multiplied to show that slipshod English is not to be exclusively attributed to any one class of people. We may go away back among the early standard writers and find frequent examples;—even in Milton, Addison, Steele and Sterne; while Shakespeare's works abound with them. The further we go back the more we find correctness the exception and incorrectness the rule. We are only just beginning to learn how to write.

—Guth Brittle.



"Picking flowers,
Herself a fairer flower."

some mistakes, which I wish to correct. You made me speak of myself as by birth 'an ecclesiastical deduction'; whereas I said, that I was not by birth, but only ecclesiastically, a Dutchman. Instead of speaking of Satan as sawing trees, I spoke of him as sowing tares. I did not mention Abraham's name, but spoke of the Arabians as nomads of patriarchal simplicity; and said that Cecrops was the founder of Athens, and that he instructed the people in agriculture."

Nor is any printer chargeable with the promulgation of the error, through numerous French journals, that the present Governor of New York is the identical "Dixie," on whose land the rebels promised to take their stand, and vegetate and die there. It was not a French printer, but an educated French editor, who, in a recent edition of Didot's famous biographical work, introduced Brigham Young under the name of Brigham *Jeune* (or junior), under the impression that the second of Brigham's names intimates that there is an older Brigham. Nor yet is it a printer who should be blamed for describing the murder-scene in "Othello" in these words:

"Upon which the Moor, seizing a bolster full of rage and jealousy, smothers her."

It was a reporter who wrote for the *World* and other papers, in October, 1868, the report of a speech

MUSIC.

THE LAST OF RUBINSTEIN.

UNLESS Hans von Bülow should carry out his half-formed wish of a visit to the United States, it must be long before we can hope to hear in New York a series of performances in any way comparable to the seven pianoforte recitals which Mr. Rubinstein gave at Steinway Hall just before his departure. The series extended over the brief space of ten days, and during the intervals of the New York performances the pianist made three rapid journeys to Boston, and gave a similar but abridged course of concerts there. His programmes, all played, of course, from memory, embraced about one hundred and fifty different pieces, and on one occasion he played twenty-five or thirty at a single sitting. The wonderful physical powers and the phenomenal memory exhibited in this undertaking are not, however, by any means the chief claims of the final Rubinstein recitals to critical consideration. They formed, if we may so say, a complete course of illustrations of the history of pianoforte music, beginning with the first development of the art, under Johann Sebastian Bach, and passing through all the subsequent schools, down to Rubinstein himself. Although it would have been impossible, of course, in seven concerts, or, for the matter of that, in seventeen, or in twenty-seven, to present specimens of every notable composer for the pianoforte, we can safely say that Mr. Rubinstein neglected no truly representative composer, and no distinct school. Following the chronological order, and making his selections with a wise regard to the general result, he showed the progress of the art and the movement of the public taste in a manner both instructive and interesting in the highest degree.

The first of the Rubinstein recitals was given on the 12th of May. It opened with two or three of the Preludes and Fugues from Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavichord," the foundation of modern pianoforte music, as the clavichord was the foundation of the modern piano. How easy and elegant was the master's handling of these wonderful structures! It was formal, of course, like the stately gaiety and the dignified manners of genteel society in the days of our great-grand-parents, but it was so fresh and so graceful that its formality was forgotten and its measured movement was never stiff. A rigorous fidelity to the rhythm is of the essence of good fugue playing, and it might have been expected that Rubinstein's vehement and impassioned nature would often tempt him to transgress this cardinal requirement. Once or twice, indeed, his characteristic impetuosity did carry him away for a moment, but the blemish was so slight and occurred so seldom that it hardly deserves to be mentioned. After the selections from the "Well-Tempered Clavichord," he played a jig by the same composer: it may sound odd to apply the epithet "noble" to a jig, but that word does exactly describe it. The selections from the elder Bach closed with the famous Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, which gave us one of the most superb illustrations conceivable of Rubinstein's magnetic force. Then came a charming Rondo by C. P. E. Bach, the son of Johann Sebastian, and after him appeared the stately, magnificent figure of Father Handel, with whom the specimens of the first school came to an end. The selections from Handel included an Air and Variations in D minor, and the Air and Variations in E major, commonly known as the "Harmonious Blacksmith." Handel gave place to Haydn (Andante and Variations), and Haydn was followed by Domenico Scarlatti, one of the best of the old harpsichord masters, from whose works Mr. Rubinstein chose the "Cat's Fugue" and a Sonata, so-called, in one movement. The concert closed with Mozart, represented by the Fantasia in C minor, the Gigue in G major, the well-known Rondo in A minor, and the movement *alla Turca* from the Sonata in A major; and we are not sure but Rubinstein played Mozart best of all the list.

The second recital was devoted wholly to Beethoven, and Mr. Rubinstein played six entire Sonatas—a performance which has probably had no parallel, at least in this country. He gave the tender, graceful, picturesque composition in C sharp minor, known for some inscrutable reason as the Moonlight Sonata; the romantic D minor and E major; the C major (which he had played here before at some of his miscellaneous concerts); the Sonata Appassionata; and finally the great one in C minor, the last and grandest of the whole wonderful series. This selection showed a much richer variety than one would have thought it possible to arrange from a single class of works by a single composer; for it covered nearly the whole of Beethoven's career, and it exhibited almost every phase of his genius. With this greatest of all composers Rubinstein has, as we all know, a very close sympathy; and it is almost superfluous to say that his interpretations were those of a devout and loving student. Perhaps it was in the familiar and favorite measures of the Sonata Appassionata that he made the pleasantest impression upon the miscellaneous public; but musicians will long remember his stupendous performance of the Sonata in C minor as one of the most brilliant of all his many astonishing efforts.

On the third programme appeared the names of Schubert, Weber, and Mendelssohn, the three great masters of the earlier romantic and poetical school, and the three who, after Beethoven, have probably the widest circle of loving admirers. From Schubert the selections were the Fantasia in C major, the Minuet of the Fantasia in G, and three strongly contrasted numbers of the *Moments musicaux*. They were all played with exceptional brilliancy and freedom; perhaps if there is any one adjective which especially characterizes the performance, it is the word "picturesque." The interpretation of Weber was harshly criticised by several of the writers for the daily press, but we dissent from their censures most emphatically. We doubt, indeed, whether there is any journalist in New York who can find serious fault with this extraordinary man without laying himself open to the charge of impertinence. Like all men of real genius, Rubinstein is unequal; but he never plays without exhibiting that sacred fire in whose presence the true critic forgets all little faults, and bows in reverence and admiration. We do not quarrel with the spots on the sun; we thank God for the glorious and bountiful light, and if there are any blemishes on the face of the great luminary, we do not see them. But even as a matter of comparison, it seems to us that the opinion of the dissatisfied critics is entirely indefensible. They did not find in the performance of Weber exactly what they expected to find, and therefore they infer that the interpreter was at fault. Rubinstein is a

better judge than we can be of Weber's meaning. He has an informed appreciation of Weber's spirit. There is no standard of comparison by which we can measure the accuracy of that appreciation, because there has never been an artist in this country who even approached Rubinstein in the splendor of his musical gifts. Some of the selections which he chose on this occasion were familiar to our concert rooms—the Sonata in A flat, for instance, and the "Invitation to the Dance;" and we certainly never heard them when they seemed more beautiful in spirit, richer in fancy, and more elegant in form. About his playing of Mendelssohn's music there can hardly be a difference of opinion. It was the perfection of poetic grace. He gave a superb series of *Variations sérieuses*, two Scherzos, and eleven of the Songs without Words. These last were not numbered; but we recognized two of the Barcaroles (No. 1 and No. 15); the well-known No. 4; the beautiful Andante con moto, No. 19; and Nos. 6, 7, 12 and 22. Their charming contrast with the brilliancy of the other portions of the programme heightened the effect of their intrinsic elegance and refinement.

The fourth day was given up to Schumann. It might have seemed rather bold to offer twelve or thirteen pieces by a single composer, unrelieved by anything else; but in effect there was no complaint of monotony, and the variety was greater than on the Beethoven day. Some of the *Etudes symphoniques*; the fantastic little pieces known as "Kreisleriana;" a Romanza in D minor; three Studies for the Pedal Piano, selections from the *Fantaisie Stücke* and *Waldscenen*; and the remarkable *Carneval, scenes mignonnes*—such was the bill of fare. The spirit of it all was gentle and refined. All through the afternoon we heard the soft, caressing touch, we felt the soothing, delicious influence. At times, as in the *Etudes* and the closing scene of the *Carneval*, the astonishing force and brilliancy of the performer roused the enthusiasm of an excited audience; but in general it was tender and romantic rather than brilliant music which fell upon our ears, and we went away with the feeling that Rubinstein was a true poet.

The poetic nature of the man was still more conspicuous, perhaps, at the next concert, when Chopin filled the programme. There were thirty-six pieces—preludes, *études*, nocturnes, dances, ballads, almost all the minor forms of composition, closing with the Funeral March from the Sonata in B minor. The union of strength, majesty, and fantastic grace in this performance was something unparalleled. There was no trace of the morbid sentimentality which so often disfigures the interpretations of Chopin, for Rubinstein remembers, what common-place players are apt to forget, that Chopin's is masculine music.

On the sixth day we had three of Field's excellent Nocturnes, some little gems by Henselt, two specimens of Thalberg, and ten or twelve pieces by Liszt. This was a peculiarly interesting concert for many reasons, not the least of which was the contrast which it offered between two of the most brilliant and yet widely different composers of this generation—Thalberg and Liszt. Rubinstein plays Liszt as nobody ever played Liszt to us before. Miss Topp came nearer to the true spirit of this master than any other of Rubinstein's predecessors; but Miss Topp was only a phenomenal executant, while Rubinstein shows in everything that he is a genius. With the methods of Liszt, however, he has not a close sympathy. Liszt closes the series of musical progressions which Mr. Rubinstein undertook to illustrate. The reflective listener, who looked back from this point over the course, must have wondered whether, after all, we have been moving in the right direction. With the improved construction of the pianoforte, there came, naturally, greater freedom and brilliancy of style; but that art itself has made any advance in the last half-century is by no means certain. That it will make any advance in the road pointed out by Liszt, it is clear that Rubinstein himself does not believe.

We have said that the illustrations of musical progression closed with the sixth recital. The seventh, representing Rubinstein's own work, was a turning back toward the older and, as we think, truer forms. We found here a great deal of the old classical spirit, relieved, of course, from the formality which anciently covered it, simple, dignified, and almost always beautiful. Yet we do not find in Rubinstein's piano music the greatness which we recognize in his compositions for the orchestra. The piano does not satisfy his aspirations. He has never given his heart to it. It is an instrument over which he muses, and indulges in graceful fancies, and fragmentary thoughts, and poetic dreams; but when a great idea comes to him he needs the magnificent resources of the full orchestra to give it proper expression. The last recital, therefore, was incomparably the weakest of the seven, although it abounded in beauties. There was a Melodie, for instance, in F major; there were two Romanzas; there was a Barcarole, and there was a Nocturne, which we can only describe as exquisite; but the longer pieces were not of the highest merit, and the concert, as a whole, was monotonous. Of course the execution of every piece was superb; the last one of all was bewildering in its brilliancy. This was a series of variations on "Yankee Doodle." Its ingenuity was astonishing, its difficulties were huge, its length was terrible. Probably the introduction of an American air—we suppose we must consider "Yankee Doodle" American—was intended as a compliment, and we are duly grateful for the intention; but the audience was too highly cultivated to relish it. For Rubinstein, however, there was a remarkable manifestation of feeling. He was called back again and again, and he must have felt, when he made his last bow to an American audience, that he left here a cordial and sympathetic circle of friends. It is said that he was not well pleased with this country during the first months of his visit. He disliked American manners, and he did not believe in American culture. The musical incidents of the spring gave him a better idea of us. The festival at Steinway Hall, and still more, perhaps, the festival at Cincinnati, surprised and delighted him greatly; and the success of his own recitals must have satisfied him that America was capable of appreciating the best art that Europe had to display. His first concerts were not in all respects successful. They were encumbered with some inexcusable vocalism; they were ill managed in other respects also; they were sometimes given in small towns where connoisseurs were few, and the welcome, though hearty, was not intelligent; and they were given occasionally at unpropitious times. Still the tour on the whole was prosperous. Pianist and manager both made money, and the public reaped abundant profit and delight.

ART.

I. A. FARGE AND VEDDER.

THE sweeping assertion that the demand creates the supply, is not always true in Art, whatever it may be in Trade. The general public may not notice this fact, but it is painfully apparent to the publishers of illustrated works, whether they take the form of Holiday Books, or of periodicals like THE ALDINE. There was a rage for Holiday Books ten or fifteen years ago, both in England and this country, but it has exhausted itself, and not a day too soon. The best specimens of American Art in this direction are Dr. Palmer's "Folk Songs," and the Artists' Edition of Irving's "Sketch Book;" the worst specimen, if our memory is not at fault, is an illustrated edition of "Enoch Arden," published in Boston in 1864. It would be difficult to find anything worse in the shape of a modern book—worse, we mean, from the standpoint of the Beautiful, and better from the standpoint of the Odd.

It was illustrated by four different artists, two of whom were familiar to the public, while the other two were new. They were Mr. F. O. C. Darley, Mr. W. J. Hennessy, Mr. John La Farge, and Mr. Elihu Vedder—surely the queerest four-in-hand that were ever harnessed together. Mr. Darley was himself—that is to say, he was the Darley whose designs we used to see on bank-notes; Mr. Hennessy was—we suppose we must say himself, for we cannot recall any unformed, indifferent artist with whom to compare him, unless it be Mr. Eugene Benson; as for Mr. La Farge and Mr. Vedder, it is not easy to say whom they precisely resembled, and by what motive their work was actuated. Of the nineteen illustrations in "Enoch Arden," nine were drawn by Mr. La Farge, and four by Mr. Vedder. They are all strange, Mr. La Farge's being, perhaps, the strangest of all; there are indications of beauty in some of them, however, which are as curious as they are unexpected. We feel it in the modeling of the heads of the three children on the sands, and it is fairly radiant in "The Seal of Silence"—the figure of a supernatural being whose finger is laid upon its lips. We stop before this, and say "Here is a singularly pure and spiritual artist, who has entered into the world of souls, and felt in his own soul the serious sweetness of the angels." We turn back to a drawing that we have passed over, "Enoch's Supplication," and, if we are familiar with Blake, say, "This is as spiritual as Blake at his best, and so like him that he might have drawn it." We look at Mr. Vedder's designs, and are repelled by them; but they detain us, in spite of ourselves, they are so informed with a certain kind of power. They remind us of Blake—not as a pupil reminds us of his master, but rather as a son reminds us of his father. They are grim, and weird, but human withal, especially the last one, in which we see the soul of Enoch Arden standing by the suspended body of the crucified Christ. If there be anything better than this among the drawings of the old religious painters, we have yet to see it. Such, in brief, was the illustrated "Enoch Arden," which could hardly have been a commercial success, and which proved, so far as itself went, that the art-demand did not create the art-supply, though it certainly produced an art-curiosity.

We have not written all this to show that we remember a forgotten book, but to trace the early work of two men of genius, and to call attention to later and better work in the same direction. It exists, in the case of Mr. Vedder, in the shape of twelve photographs of his drawings; and, in the case of Mr. La Farge, of twelve similar photographs, and of four illustrations in Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson's "Songs from the Old Dramatists," which we noticed at the time of its publication.

The drawings of Mr. Vedder may be divided into two classes, the subjects of one being ideal heads, and the subjects of the other imaginative figures and buildings. He embodies his conception of "Twilight" for example, in a group of old houses, with peaked roofs, beyond which in the distance are seen the feathery tops of trees. The foreground is filled with a cluster of large flowers on tall stalks. They are bell shaped, and are no doubt swinging out an invisible chime. This, with a glimpse of a dark figure on a winding pathway, is all that can be put in words, but how weird and effective it is in the softened black and white of the photograph. We turn to the "Phorcydes." These are three old women, who somehow are not old. They appear to have been running, and to have stopped suddenly: their ragged garments flutter, and their long disheveled hair is blowing in all directions. They are strange, unearthly, terrible—are they furies, or what? "The Salamander," the third of these drawings, admits us to the elemental world. Here, we say to ourselves, is a creature that could live in fire. So of the figure of "Atlas"—a strong man, with a sweeping beard, standing in the sea, with his waist encircled by the belt of the Zodiac—we say of that—Here now is the man who could uphold the world which is on his shoulders; he is the Endurer. The ideal heads are singular realizations of abstract ideas. We know of nothing like them, even in Blake: they have the strangeness of Blake's work, and they are radiant with loveliness. "A Sea Princess" is beautiful with the beauty which is of the body, the beauty into which soul cannot enter. We place next "The Young Medusa," and the head—that of a child, with flaming hair—entitled "Weirdness." The only human head is "The Shadow of the Cypress," and it is wonderfully pathetic.

The drawings of Mr. La Farge are, with one exception, figure-pieces. Four were inspired by Browning, and they are in many respects the finest of the series. The two which illustrate his "Childe Roland" may be said to belong to the romantic school, while the other two are as certainly classic as they are imaginative and beautiful. There is an indescribable sweetness in the one entitled "Misconceptions," which appears to have been suggested by the poem of that name in "Men and Women." It is not so easy to classify the rest of these drawings, though four of them may be said to deal with legendary themes, and to illustrate the beliefs of the Middle Ages. They are grotesque; and one which represents Bishop Hatto in his cell surrounded by rats, is repulsive and painful. "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" is such a drawing as a child might make (if a child could make it), it is so simple and earnest. "The Wolf Tamer" is remarkable for its savage power, as remarkable as "The Three Kings of Cologne," which takes us back to the rude art of five hundred years ago.

These unique drawings, as well as those of Mr. Vedder, are published by Messrs. Doll and Richards, of Boston.

LITERATURE.

LOVERS of biography will find much that will interest them in "Monographs, Personal and Social," by Lord Houghton (Holt & Williams), though they will be rather disappointed, we fancy, with the volume as a whole. We are impressed with the idea, while reading it, that in his endeavor to be always just, his lordship is occasionally a trifle dull: his style lacks ease and lightness. The most entertaining of his "Monographs"—there are eight in all—is, perhaps, the one upon the Rev. Sydney Smith, whom he knew well, and by whom, when he was a young man, and plain Mr. Monckton Milnes, he is said to have been called, at a party, "the cool of the evening." He has preserved several clever sayings of this reverend wit, which we do not remember to have seen before, and, among others, one at the expense of Rogers, whose sharp tongue spared nobody: "Mr. Rogers' curiously unworthy repugnance to being regarded as a man in business, provoked him to many a sharp bye-blow; looking one morning into a large display of royal invitations over the chimney-piece, he asked the company in a loud 'aside,' 'Does it not look as if the Bank had been accommodating the Duchess of Kent?'" That no clever talker ever really likes another of his kind, is, we suppose, a fact; if it needs confirmation in Sydney Smith's case, his lordship has helped us to it: "He would allow, what indeed he could not prevent, the brilliant monologue of Mr. Macaulay, and was content to avenge himself with the pleasantry, 'That he not only overflowed with learning, but stood in the slop.'" He yielded to the philosophy and erudition of such men as Dean Milman and Mr. Grote, with an occasional deprecatory comment, but he admitted no competition or encounter in his own field. On this point he was strangely unjust. When some enterprising entertainer brought him and Mr. Theodore Hook together, the failure was complete; Mr. Sydney Smith could see nothing but buffoonery in the gay, dramatic faculty and wonderful extempore invention of the novelist, just as he either could, or would not, see any merit in those masterpieces of comic verse, the works of one of his own fellow-administrators of the cathedral of St. Paul's, the 'Ingoldsby Legends.'" The country life of Sydney Smith, before he became celebrated, was a wise and useful one. "I have heard," his lordship writes, "that it took some time for his professional brethren to accommodate themselves to what would have been indeed a startling apparition in their retired and monotonous existence, but that his active interest in parochial matters, however insignificant, his entire simplicity of demeanor, his cheerful endurance and ingenious remedies in all the little discomforts of his position, quite won their hearts, and that he became as popular with them as ever he was among his cognate wits and intellectual fellows. He willingly assisted his neighbors in their clerical duties, and an anecdote of one of these occasions is still current in the district, for the authenticity of which I will not vouch, but which seems to me good enough to be true. He dined with the incumbent on the preceding Saturday, and the evening passed in great hilarity, the squire, by name Kershaw, being conspicuous for his loud enjoyment of the stranger's jokes. 'I am very glad that I have amused you,' said Mr. Sydney Smith at parting, 'but you must not laugh at my sermon to-morrow.' 'I should hope I know the difference between being here or at church,' remarked the gentleman with some sharpness. 'I am not so sure of that,' replied the visitor; 'I'll bet you a guinea on it,' said the squire. 'Take you,' replied the divine. The preacher ascended the steps of the pulpit apparently suffering from a severe cold, with his handkerchief to his face, and at once sneezed out the name 'Ker-shaw' several times in various intonations. This ingenious assumption of the readiness with which a man would recognize his own name in sounds imperceptible to the ears of others, proved accurate. The poor gentleman burst into a guffaw, to the scandal of the congregation; and the minister, after looking at him with stern reproach, proceeded with his discourse and won the bet."

The monograph on Harriet, Lady Ashburton, sparkles toward the close with some of her ladyship's bright sayings, or writings, for they appear to be extracts from her letters. Here are some of them: "In one's youth one doubts whether one has a body, and when one gets old whether one has a soul; but the body asserts itself so much the stronger of the two." "I have not only never written a book, but I know nobody whose book I should like to have written." "[Would it not be the death of you to live a year with —?] No: I should not die. I should kill." "I forget everything, except injuries." "I should like exactly to know the difference between money and morality." "Coming back to the society of Carlyle after the dons at Oxford is like returning from some conventional world to the human race." "A bore cannot be a good man; for the better a man is, the greater bore he will be, and the more hateful he will make goodness." "I am sure you will find nine persons out of ten what at first you assumed them to be." "When one sees what marriage generally is, I wonder that women do not give up the profession." "You seem to think that married people always want events to talk about; I wonder what news Adam used to bring to Eve of an afternoon." "I am strongly in favor of Polygamy. I should like to go out, and the other wife to stay at home and take care of things, and hear all I had to tell her when I came back." "The most dreadful thing against women is the character of the men that praise them." "To have a really agreeable house, you must be divorced; you would then have the pleasantest men, and no women but those who are really affectionate and interested about you, and who are kept in continual good humor by the consciousness of a benevolent patronage. I often think of divorcing from B. B. and marrying him again." "There is no rebound about her; it is like talking into a soft surface."

Lord Houghton has labored hard to make his monograph on Walter Savage Landor interesting. It was a difficult task that he undertook, and to say that he has managed it more successfully than Mr. Forster has done is not to praise him, for nobody could possibly write in worse taste than Mr. Forster. The biography of Landor has yet to be written; the best monograph on Landor has been written, and by an American poet—Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman. The excellence of Mr. Stedman's paper, which was at once recognized, can only be fully appreciated by those who have wandered over Mr. Forster's bulky memoir, or by the readers of Lord Houghton's monograph, which is a tolerably fair re-statement

of the facts collected by Mr. Forster. His lordship has preserved for us one of Landor's poems, which was sent to him in November, 1863, when Landor's last volume, "Heroic Idyls," was in the press, and in which it could not be inserted, as the volume was already made up. It is a trifle, but a sad one:

TO ONE ILL-MATED.

We all wish many things undone
Which now the heart lies heavy on.
You should indeed have longer tarried
On the roadside before you married,
And other flowers have picked or past,
Before you singled out your last.
Many have left the search with sighs
Who sought for hearts and found but eyes.
The brightest stars are not the best
To follow in the way to rest.

Landor's married life was not a happy one, and it was no doubt largely his own fault. Still, as there are two sides to most human questions, we will let him speak for himself, as he does in the following extract from one of his letters: "It often happens that if a man unhappy in the married state were to describe the manifold causes of his uneasiness, it would be found by those who were beyond their influence to be of such a nature as rather to excite derision than sympathy. The waters of bitterness do not fall on his head in a cataract, but through a colander—one, however, like the vases of the Danaïdes, perforated only for replenishment. We know scarcely the vestibule of a house of which we fancy we have perforated all the corners. We know not how grievously a man may have suffered, long before the calumnies of the world befall him, as he reluctantly left his house-door. There are women from whom incessant tears of anger swell forth at imaginary wrongs; but of contrition for their own delinquencies not one."

Landor's judgments, which were not always catholic, were always strongly expressed, as Lord Houghton points out: "His trenchant opinions on subjects of literature were always explicable by some reference to his own habits of thought and lines of knowledge. Latin was so thoroughly familiar to him that his judgments on the classics were like those of a contemporary. With Ovid he was completely content, but there was something that displeased him in both Virgil and Horace; 'they were excellent,' he said, 'for school-boys and school-masters;' but they did not write Latin. I suppose he meant his ideal of what the language ought to have been. When a style really captivated him, there was no exaggeration too large for its praise—Herodotus, Demosthenes, and Catullus in the old world, Voltaire and La Fontaine in the modern, were the only perfect masters, 'but there is something above perfection—such as Shakespeare.' Of our own popular writers he was rarely laudatory."

"Roscoe's works are one feather-bed of words;" "Gibbon is an old dressed-up fop, keeping up the same sneering grin from one end of his history to the other with incredible fixity;" "Young, in his snip-snap verse, is as sure to destroy a poetical thought he has got hold of as a child a butterfly;" "In Hallam you may light on a small cake of fine flour, but the rest is chaff, chaff." "Walter Scott's verse is not to be sung or danced—it is to be jumped." But in a letter to Mr. Crabb Robinson, he designates Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth as "three turrets, none of which could fall without injuring the others." Again, "Southey's translation of the 'Cid' is all written in words sanctified, not corroded, by Time"—was one of many praises of his friend's various productions. He rarely persisted in his harsher judgments. Of Byron, in an early "Conversation," he had drawn a clever fictitious portrait—"strong as poison, and original as sin;" and he never liked him till after his heroic death, for so we may call it in spite of Goethe's solemn judgment—

"Till, from all earthly fetters free,
He strove to win the Hero's lot;
But Fate decreed that must not be,
And murmured 'Thou hast earned it not.'"

Shelley he had refused to know from some private reasons, which he afterward passionately regretted, and always wrote and spoke of him with infinite respect. Of Keats he felt that "time only was wanting to complete a poet who already surpassed all his contemporaries in this country in the poet's most subtle attributes." To Walter Scott he was more than specially harsh, calling him a great ale-house writer; but in later days he fell back on the Novels with more than enjoyment, and wondered that Englishmen did not glory in them more: "The Germans would, and so should we, if hatred of our neighbor were not the religion of authors, and warfare the practice of borderers." Of the Brothers Smith he candidly avowed, "I ought especially to hate Bobus and Sydney for licking me out and out, Bobus in Latin poetry and Sydney in English prose; but Bobus has had no rival in Latin this 1800 years." (Lord Dudley ranked the Latin poets—Lucretius, Bobus, Virgil.) I could give many examples of the rare and generous delight with which Landor ever welcomed the apparition of Genius; it was as a fresh metal to the mineralogist, as a new planet to the astronomer; the ardor was sometimes excessive, but often more than justified by the event, and those who are now received with the trumpets and shawms of popularity look back with deeper gratitude to the prescient praise of the young-hearted veteran who decorated them from the laurels and myrtles of his own classic garden. So was it to the very last—to the Boy-poet, who shortly before his death,

'—came as one whose thoughts half linger,
Half run before—
The youngest to the oldest singer
That England bore,—'

and took away the affectionate benediction of his predecessor in the noble art of keeping alive in high British culture the form and spirit of ancient song."

The Boy-poet alluded to is the poet Swinburne, who made a journey to Italy to see Landor, to whom he dedicated his "Atalanta in Calydon."

The most remarkable of all Landor's writings is "The Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare," of which Charles Lamb said that only two men could have written it—he who did write it, and the man it was written on; and from which we take these noble words of counsel to the young: "Young gentlemen, let not the highest of you who hear me this evening be led into the delusion, for such it is, that the founder of his family was originally

a greater or better man than the lowest here. He willed it and became it; he must have stood low; he must have worked hard, and with tools, moreover, of his own invention and fashioning; he warned and whistled off ten thousand strong and importunate temptations—he dashed the dice-box from the jeweled hand of Chance, the cup from Pleasure's, and trod under foot the sorceries of each; he ascended steadily the precipices of Danger, and looked down with intrepidity from the summit; he overcame Arrogance with Sedateness, he seized by the horn and overleaped low Violence, and he fairly swung Fortune round. The very high cannot rise much higher; the very low may; the truly great must have done it. This is not the doctrine of the silkenly and lawfully religious: it wears the coarse texture of the fisherman, and walks uprightly and straightforward under it."

We learn from Lord Houghton's monograph on Humboldt, that the much censured publication of his letters by Varnhagen von Ense was really sanctioned by him. "When I am gone, which will not be long first," he wrote to him, in 1841, "do exactly as you please with them; they are your property." Lord Houghton saw Humboldt at the court of Berlin, in the years 1845-6, and gives the following interesting account of him: "The position of Humboldt at that period was the cause of sincere gratification to all those who loved to see genius successful and rewarded, and also the source of much envy on the part of all whose merits had never been acknowledged either by prince or people as they thought was deserved. His intellectual eminence indeed was so unchallenged, that when he passed from writing a chapter of *Cosmos* to his daily reserved place at the royal table opposite the king, there was no pretence either of favoritism or of service—it was the fair and honorable interchange of the highest social station and the noblest mental powers; the patronage was on both sides. Who suspected the deep discontent that lay at the bottom of that old man's heart? Who believed that he was seeking refuge from that courtly splendor, and even from that royal friendship, in secret satire and confidential depreciation of all about him poured into the ear of a literary contemporary of whose complete sympathy he was well assured?"

"And yet there can be nothing in this very new or surprising to those who really understood the temperament and culture of Humboldt, and the character of the society in which he moved. 'Under an appearance,' he writes, 'of outward splendor, and in the enjoyment of the somewhat fantastic preference of a high-minded prince, I live in a moral and mental isolation.' Rahel had said long before, 'Humboldt was a great man when he came to Berlin, then he became an ordinary one.' May not the meaning of these two paragraphs be, that Humboldt at Berlin had always been the Courtier, and as such in a false position? In a French novel called 'Barnave' (by the Bibliophile Jacob) there is an excellent character of an old German baroness, who, having accompanied Marie Antoinette to the Court of France, is at length compelled by the menaces of the French Revolution to return home, and resume her former state and dignity: to her son's congratulations on the recovery of her independence she can only mournfully reply, 'Comment vivre sans servir?' This feeling is incredibly strong in a country where the multiplicity of small courts has enfeebled the self-reliance of the upper classes, and to few Germans would it seem incompatible with any eminence of literary or scientific attainment, or even with perfect consciousness of moral power. There must have been something of it latent in Humboldt himself, or so large a portion of his life would not have been spent in the formalities and requisitions of a courtier's existence."

"His royal intimacy indeed had begun with King Frederic William III.; and his relations, both with that sovereign and his court, were happier and more natural than at the period of this correspondence. He himself was younger, and more in harmony with the events of his time. That king, though far inferior to his son in accomplishment and erudition, was a philosopher in his way, and of a school which tended to results not far different from those familiar to the thinkers of the eighteenth century. This tone of mind naturally extended itself to the household and frequenters of the palace, and became habitual even in the camp, combining itself curiously with the material restrictions of a military régime. Thus Heinrich Heine then sang, in a tone which recent German events still make but too familiar to European politics:

'Handle the drumstick and care not for life,
Kiss, if you like her, the sutler's wife:
That is the science worth discerning,
That is the end of human learning.
Drum every citizen out of his bed,
Drum the *réveille* into his head;
Preaching and drumming as long as you can,
That is the end of the life of man.
That is philosophy *selon les règles*,
That is the doctrine according to Hegel:
I understand it, whoever may come,
For I am a capital hand at the drum.'

"The liberty, too, of religious speculation, which Goethe has claimed as the ancestral privilege of the German mind,

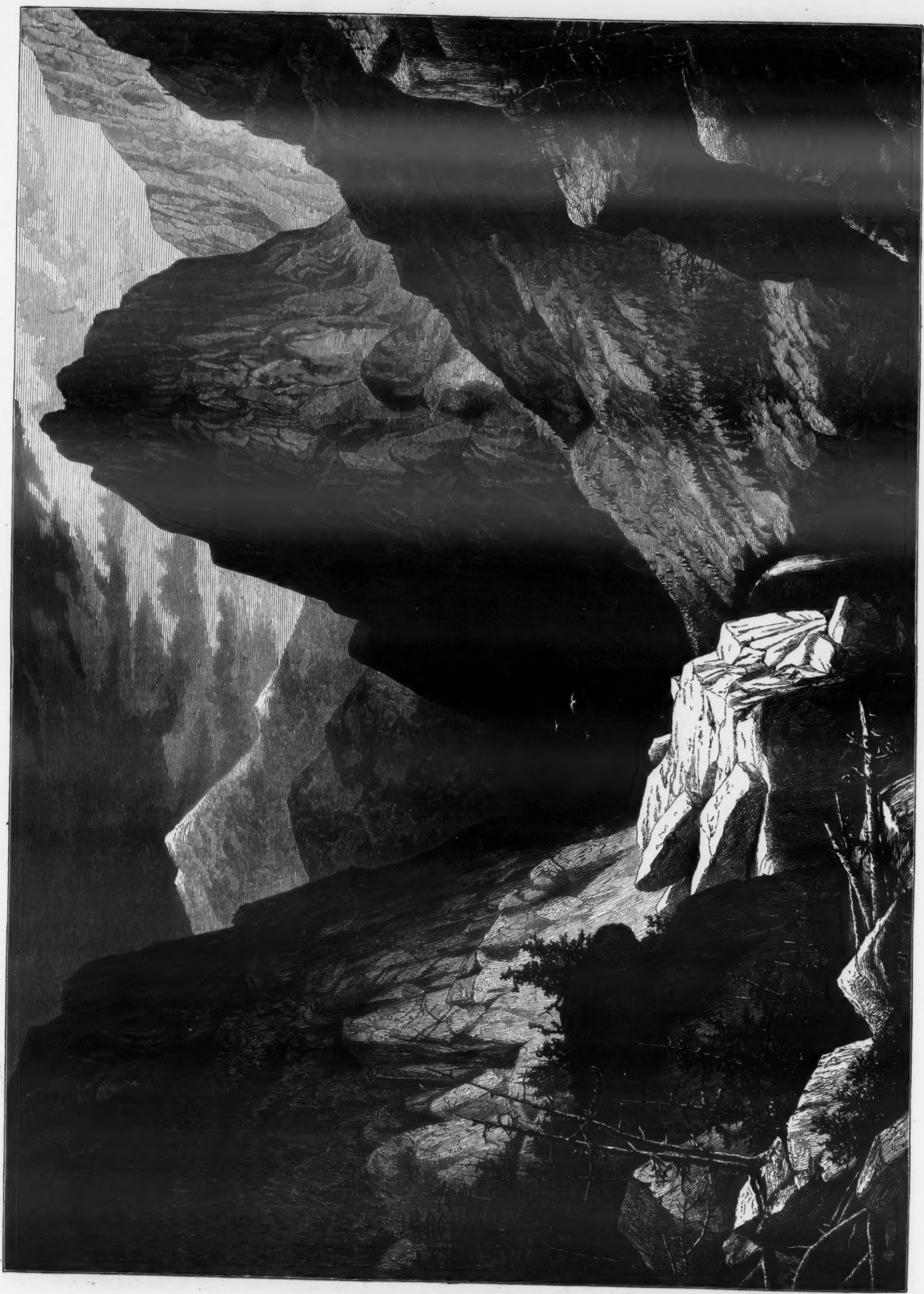
'For here each soul for freedom pants,
We are the natural Prôtèst-ants,

was still congenial to good society; and although in his later years the king had seemed inclined to measures of violence in the enforcement of a Lutheran state-religion, the latitude of opinion in the higher circles still savored of the days and thoughts of Frederic the Great. For example, I remember great disgust being excited at some opera, in which there was a great deal of prayer represented on the stage—not with any reprehension of a supposed profanity, but as an exhibition of 'Pietismus.' In such an atmosphere both Humboldt and Varnhagen von Ense could breathe freely, and associate agreeably even with men of reactionary politics and aristocratic prejudices. It will astonish many to read the specimens of the intimate correspondence between Prince Metternich and a man whose political opinions he must have regarded as dangerous and detestable, but whose knowledge he could reverence, and of whose friendship he was proud."

Lord Houghton has another work in the press, a companion volume to the present, entitled "Monographs, Political and Literary."

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